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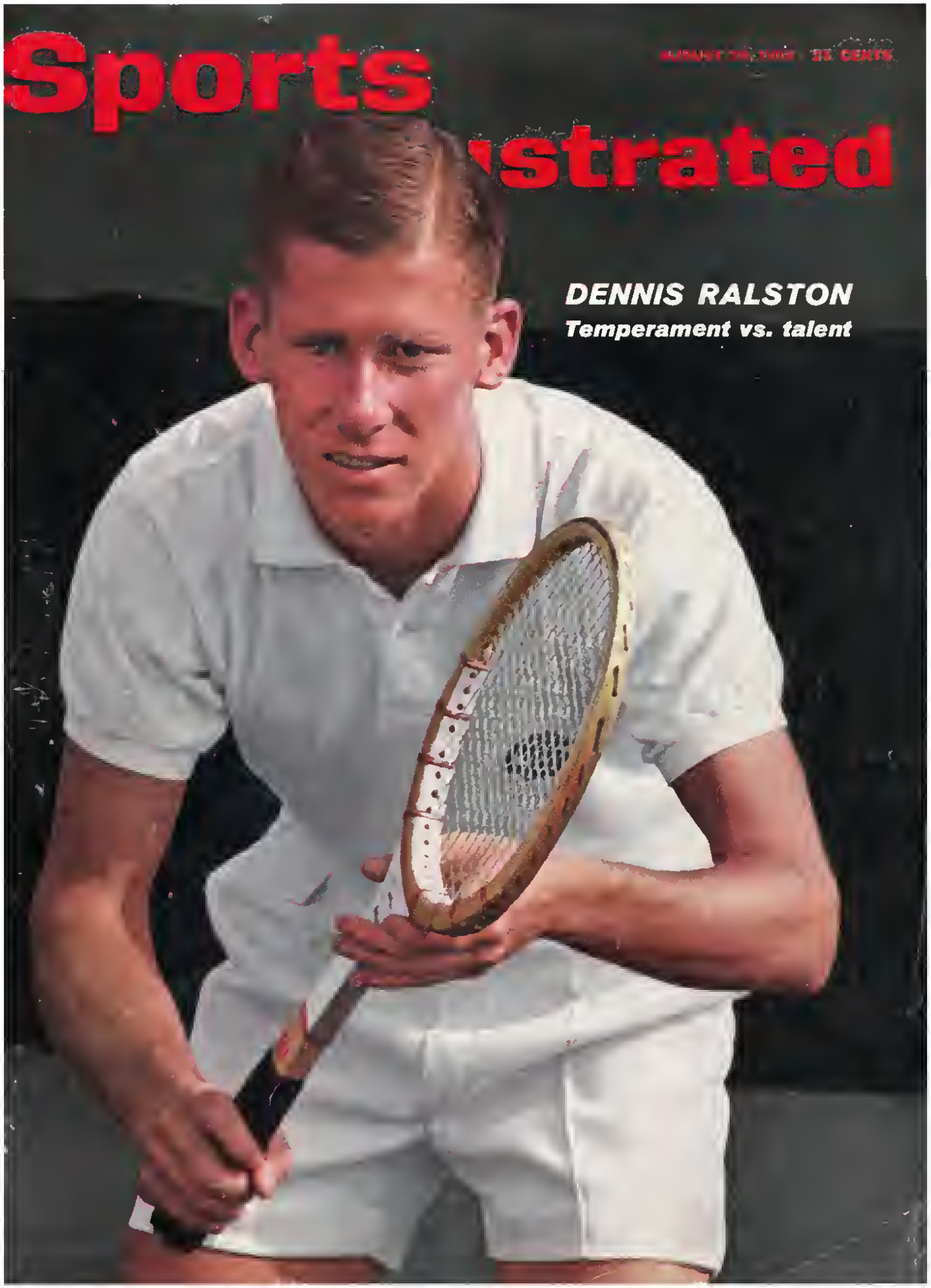

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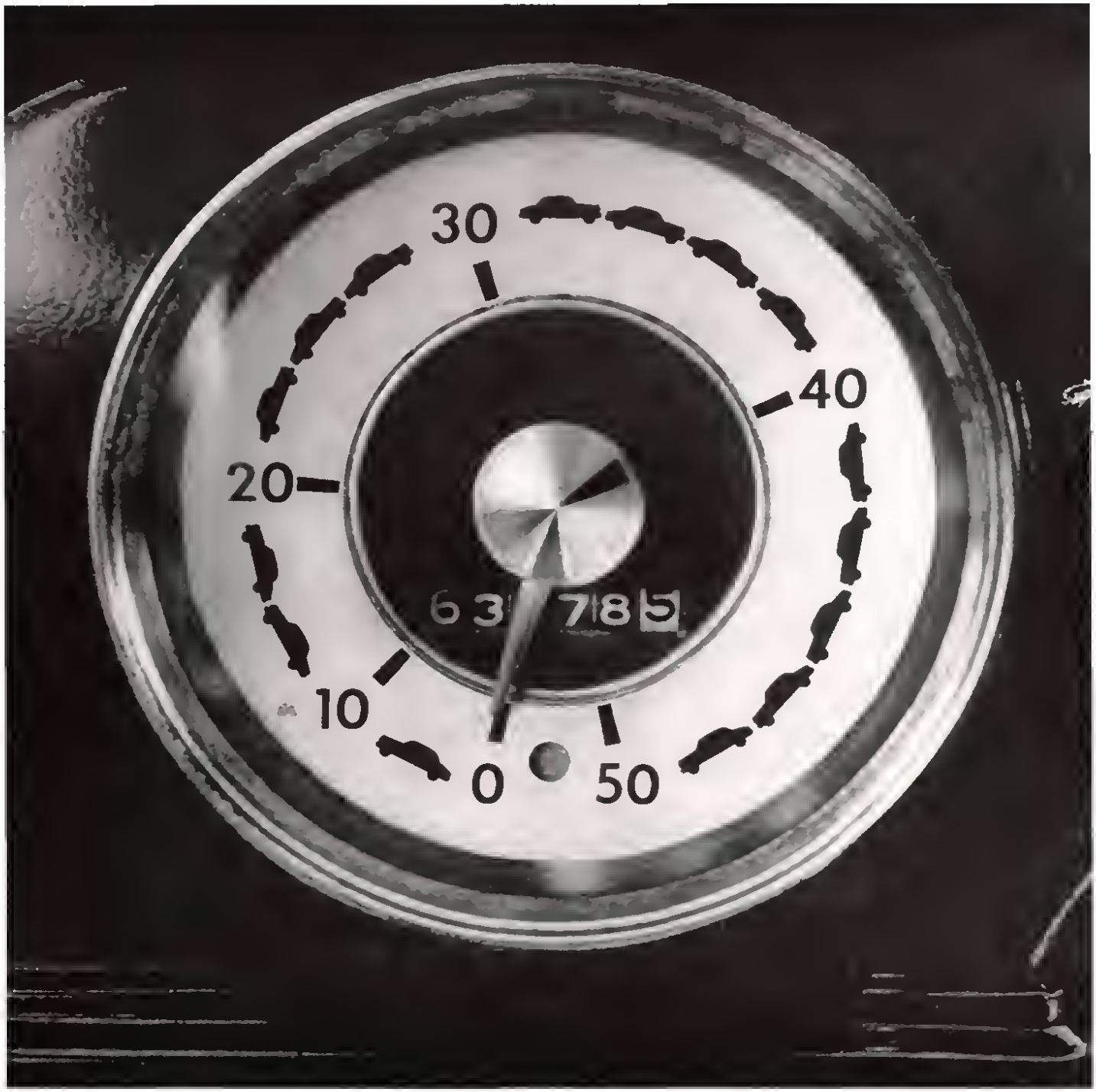


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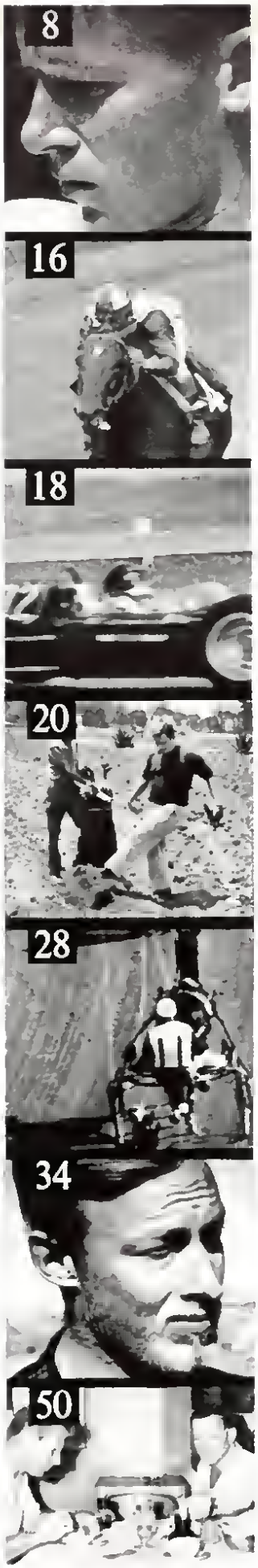


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## Next week

***THE BIG PAYOFF*** on Walter O'Malley's Chavez Ravine seems imminent as Ron Fairly and the other young Dodgers battle to win the pennant that slid away from them last year.

***BATH AND TENNIS*** clubs are popping up in suburbs all over the U.S. But none of the hundreds built during the last five years can equal the facilities of the one in Lake Forest, Illinois.

***THE COLORADO RIVER*** flows straight south from Las Vegas to El Golfo, Mexico. Jack Olsen took the 500-mile trip and reports on the fishing and natural wonders along the way.

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# SCORECARD

**GARDEN LOSES ON POINTS**

Though it seems like yesterday, it is in fact six years since Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan dissolved the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and ended sport's tightest monopoly (SI, July 1, 1957). The Supreme Court of the United States upheld Ryan. Norris was forced out of Madison Square Garden and, to all effect, boxing.

Key to the old Norris monopoly was its practice of signing champion prizefighters to exclusive contracts. If they did not sign they got no fights. But if they did sign they could fight for Norris or nobody. That tidy arrangement was dissipated by the Ryan decree.

Now Judge Ryan has made another decision. To the reorganized Garden's plea that it be permitted to sign a fighter for more than one bout in a single contract, the judge last week said no. "Competitive conditions in the industry," he said, "do not prevail."

The judge is right once more. The Garden controls the only nationally televised boxing show—and it is a poor thing. Because of the greedily destructive pattern originally designed by Norris, small fight clubs have all but disappeared, and the supply of tolerable talent is scarcely enough to fill a single night's card. Whatever might be done to restore the sport's old prestige, the Garden's solution is not the one. It could only accelerate the descending spiral.

**THAT'LL SHOW 'EM, BO**

Since the Los Angeles Angels shunted a reluctant Bo Belinsky to the Hawaii Islanders he has won a couple of baseball games, and this has brought him out of what, for a time, looked like a case of the surly sulks. But Bo is talking again, pretty much as usual. Hawaii, he says, is too relaxing.

"It's tough to be ambitious here," he explained. "You have to kick yourself in the tail to play baseball."

It is so relaxing, indeed, that he finds himself going to bed before midnight. Falling asleep, he schemes of ways to confound the Angels. He has one pretty good idea already.

"I'd like to get a photographer to come down to Waikiki," he said, "and take a picture of me on a surfboard to send back to the mainland. They supposedly sent me out here to suffer, but if the picture went back, they'd see how much you suffer in Hawaii."

In other words, Angels, Bo is still insufferable.

**TRAGEDY ON THE LAKE**

A Star class boat is a racing machine, with 281 square feet of sail driving a low-slung and extremely sensitive hull. Star sailors are a tough and free-thinking breed. Last week the Cleveland Yachting Club held a series of five races, the winner to qualify for the World Star Championship scheduled for Chicago next month.

On Tuesday the weather bureau predicted winds up to 25 knots, with small craft warnings. The eager skippers and crews in the 19 Stars jockeyed impatiently while the race committee delayed the start for an hour, waiting for a squall to blow over. At 2:30, with the winds at 25 mph, the starting gun sounded. Soon afterward the winds suddenly increased, hitting 50 mph and building six-foot waves. Fleet Captain Charles Judd saw one Star foundering. Aboard, bailing out the tiny cockpit, was an experienced Great Lakes skipper, Bill Andersen, 46, a captain in the Coast Guard Reserve and an attorney specializing in admiralty law. His crewman, Robert Jacob, 28, was a poor swimmer, so Andersen told him to put on a life jacket. Then the mast went over. Judd's launch arrived in less than five minutes but the sloop, with insufficient flotation material, had sunk. Jacob was floating in his life jacket—and Andersen was gone. Andersen had not followed his own advice. He wore no life jacket.

**SUITABLE IDEAS FOR SWIMMING**

One of the nation's big swimsuit makers, Rose Marie Reid, is showing an electrically heated suit at the annual Western Electronics Show convention in San Francisco's Cow Palace next week. It uses carbon cloth, a space fabric that is strong, flexible, chemical-resistant and flameproof. Heat is supplied by a battery. Object: to prolong the swimming season and eliminate pool heaters.

There are, however, bugs. The battery weighs about a pound and is cumbersome. But Designer George McCormick is trying to work out a pouch arrangement or belt to hold several tiny transistor batteries. Even so, the material costs $12 a yard and, beyond that, will not take a dye, thus limiting it to its natural gray color—not too salable a hue.

Bugs or not, we have faith in Miss Reid. She is the lady who engineered the first built-in bra for swimsuits.

**HOSSTELRY**

An old Massachusetts law required that hotel keepers maintain accommodations for their guests' horses. It is not too much enforced these days. We do not know what the law in Texas, east or west of the Pecos, might be, but there seems to be a trend. The Dallas Continental

Inn—with swimming pool, restaurant, thick carpeting and TV—is admitting, in addition to tourists, horses.

There are now four stalls, each costing as much to build as a regular unit in the $1,750,000 motel. The stalls are of rough-sawed redwood. Red cedar shake shingles give a western touch. The rate: an inhuman $3 a day, single occupancy.

Manager Quincy Taylor has had few equine guests so far, but he expects more when the big horse shows start in Sep-

*continued*

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tember and the state fair comes in October. He also expects there will be more such motels as his.

"It is very bad on horses to go over 400 miles a day," he explained. "They get nervous. You have no idea what problems this can entail."

There are no problems for horse owners who stop at the Continental. Porters at the Inn give horse guests any specific attention requested—feeding, spraying, grooming and even bathing. People don't get those extras.

### BACK TO NATURE

On the theory that masses of people and wilderness are not compatible, a movement has begun within the National Parks Service to cut down on areas available to car campers. Backpack campers will be welcome, as always, provided they behave themselves, but the car-camping set has included too many of the type likely to douse a roaring fire with a bucket of kerosene, toss old underwear into the Morning Glory Pool and dump watermelon rinds into the sacred perfection of Rainier's Shadow Lake.

The aim is not to keep the car camper out of the parks but to confine him to "recreation areas" where beauty parlors, coin laundries, cocktail lounges and kiddies' playlands are available. Already camping sites at Teton's Jenny Lake have been reduced from 115 to 85. Next year they will shrink some more.

The service expects some howls, naturally, since only a tiny minority of those who visit the parks realize that they were set aside as nature sanctuaries to be preserved forever in their pristine state. There is something terribly unpristine about a discarded beer can.

"Thank God the season's short," said one ranger. "The parks need the rest of the year to recover."

### SAME OLD FRONTIER

Traditional in the annals of Nevada history is the annual badger vs. dog fight —and just as traditional is the outcry its announcement produces. This year the uproar has been more tumultuous than ever. The *Salt Lake City Tribune* thundered: "Whatever happened to the Nevada Humane Society?" A reader protested to the Ely *Daily Times* that the event was "sadistic, shameful and a blot, not only on the good name of Ely [where the fight was to be held], but on all humanity as well."

So far the fight has been postponed several times but, you may be sure, it will go on. It always has. Reports have it that a 50-pound badger has been caught and dieted and teased into a state of red-eyed meanness. His opponent, the pit dog, is described as well-trained, strong and vicious. Odds favor the badger 8 to 5, mostly because he fights by flipping over on his back and using his long sharp claws and needlelike teeth. But this particular dog is said to have perfected a method of turning the badger right side up and grabbing him by the base of the skull in a hold which, a news dispatch reports, "could end the bout in short order by severing the head from the body."

The fight has not been without defenders, among them Reno's *Nevada State Journal*: "It is a shame that Nevada residents who are unfamiliar with the state's mores would go to the extent of protesting badger fighting, which has been recognized as a time-honored diversion at numerous important functions since early days."

The fight itself goes like this: a dog is held tightly on a leash as a big barrel is brought in. A volunteer is told that inside the barrel, which has its lid on, is the vicious badger. A heavy cord hangs out of the barrel top. The volunteer's duty is to yank the top out of the barrel and he is warned earnestly to run away fast, holding the cord, lest the badger mistake him for the dog. He takes firm hold, yanks and runs. Out of the barrel clatters behind him an old fashioned thunder mug.

It fools them every year.

### SVENGALI IN THE TANK

Back in the late '30s Melio Bettina achieved New York State recognition as light heavyweight champion of the world, and not a little of the credit went to his manager, Jimmy Grippo, who hypnotized Melio before each bout. Before the second Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson bout a hypnotist offered himself to the Patterson camp but was rejected. (So Liston put Patterson to sleep.)

The use of hypnosis in sport crops up sporadically. Now it has reared its somnolent head in Hinsdale, Ill., home of the state high school swimming champions, whose coach, Jerry Farmer, has employed a hypnotist to improve the performance of some of his charges. Hypnotism can instill self-confidence, ward off fatigue and relax an athlete, Farmer believes. Here is what the American Medical Association's Committee on

the Medical Aspects of Sports believes:

1) Hypnotism in sport "can result in serious psychiatric disturbances requiring treatment in a hospital."

2) It can cause "panic reactions, depressive states, or psychotic symptoms."

#### NOW QUIETLY, TOUCHÉ!

For centuries fencers have shouted as they lunged to make a touch. Originally, the idea seems to have been to call attention to a hit. Now, with electrical weapons (when you touch an opponent a light flashes), there is no need for screams, and Lon Hocker, venerable St. Louis fencer, has been organizing a muffling committee.

"Right," says J. R. de Capriles, editor of *American Fencing*. "It is a flight of fancy to think that there is anything tactical to be gained by shouting. It merely helps a contestant with his timing and releases nervous tension."

The logic is impeccable, but one question: Who is going to convince the fencers, a few of whom complain, then play with vociferous, open-mouthed joy?

#### PENNY A PITCH

Automation, which began in bowling with the introduction of the automatic pinsetting machine, is making still further inroads on the game. Now under test in Los Angeles is a coin-operated lane that requires a quarter to start the pinsetting machine. The quarter provides 10 minutes of bowling, just about the time it takes to roll a game.

"It's the coming thing," says John Calamia, owner of the machine, which he calls a Clock-O-Matic. "It will eliminate checking score sheets, thus allowing bowlers to take score sheets home. It also will eliminate bowlers taking the liberty of free frames and curtail altogether the so-called 'walkout' bowlers who roll a line or two, then skip out without paying."

Now for a coin-operated ball that rolls strikes every time.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Dick Stuart, Boston Red Sox first baseman, who has a good chance at both the home run and runs-batted-in championships this season: "I suppose if I do win them, they won't give me full credit. Probably they'll add an asterisk saying Mantle and Maris were hurt."
- Dave Gudelsky, Michigan boxing commissioner, opposing women wrestling: "Would you like to see your sister wrestling?"

END

## DON'T FORGET...

**THE U. S. L. T. A. NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS,** Forest Hills, N.Y., August 28 to September 8. For your convenience in getting there, United offers jets to New York from the most U.S. cities, including five nonstops from Los Angeles.

**THE GRAND PRIX,** Watkins Glen, New York, October 6. A good chance to see some of the world's best drivers and the colorful countryside of the Finger Lakes. We suggest flying United to Rochester and renting a car for the drive down.

**THE IMPORTANT EARLY FOOTBALL GAMES.** College fan or pro, be sure to check your schedule soon so that you won't miss the key openers. You'll enjoy flying to the game on United—the relaxing choice of top pro and college teams.

**THE $100,000 WOODWARD STAKES,** Aqueduct Park, New York, September 28. Bring your wife along on United's money-saving Family Plan. After Aqueduct, you can enjoy the shops and sights of New York. For your ease in reaching the city, United offers, for instance, four jet nonstops from San Francisco to New York.

**THE PORTLAND OPEN,** Portland, Oregon, September 19 to 22. Enjoy championship golf in this beautiful city of the Northwest. Bring your own clubs, too (for only $4.00 from any other United city on the mainland).

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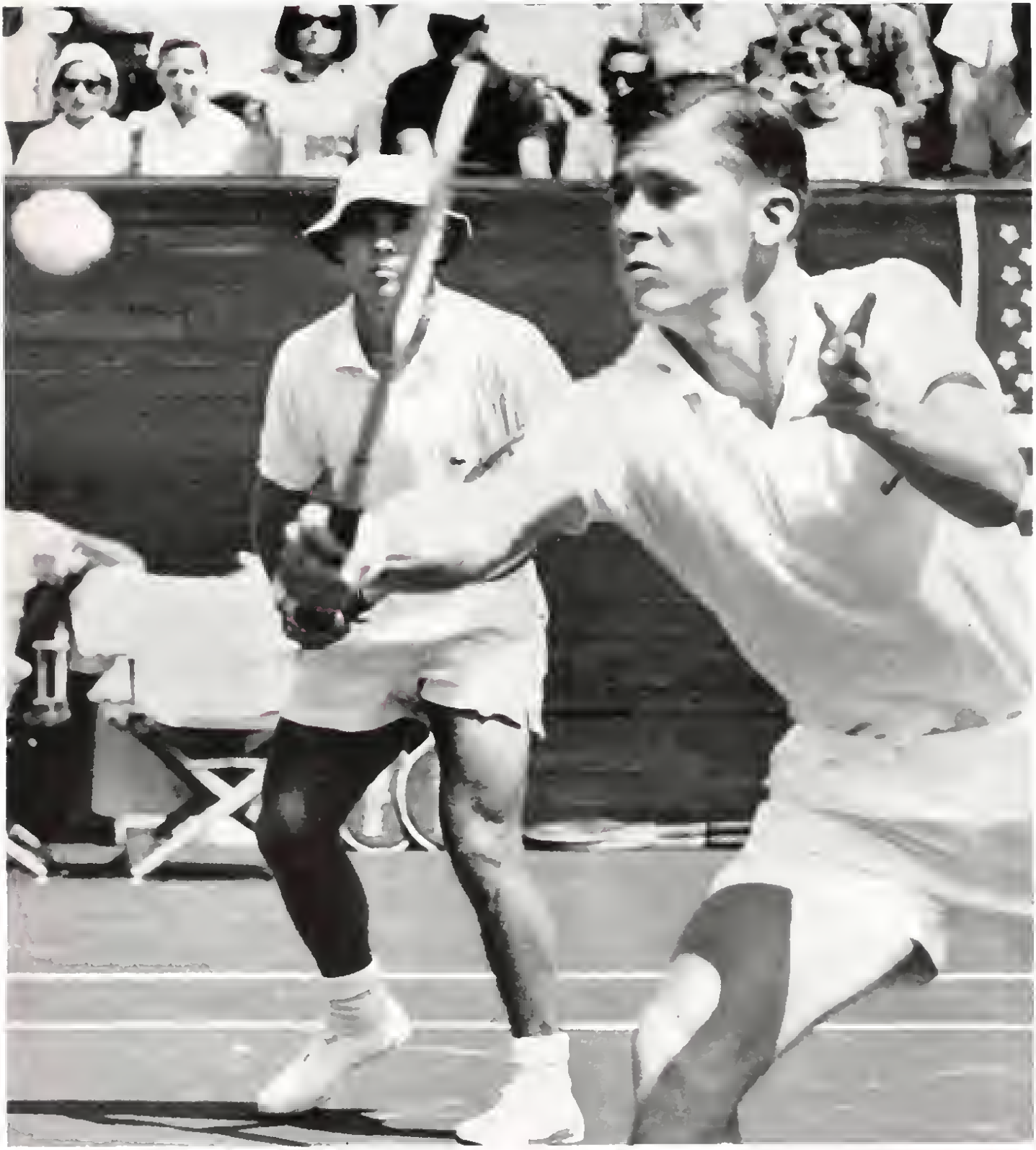
# U.S. TENNIS IS BACK



# ON THE CENTER COURT

American tennis prestige—withering away for four years—was restored to hopeful bloom last weekend on the steamy courts of the Los Angeles Tennis Club. There, before appreciative and pleasantly chauvinistic crowds, U.S. Davis Cup players Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston beat the Mexican team that last year had defeated the U.S.

The American way back to world amateur tennis supremacy looks easier than it has in a long time. Venezuela, England and India—none of them strong—bar the path to the final assault on Australia, the Davis Cup holder, which this year plays without Rod Laver, now a pro.

Against the Mexicans, Ralston was scintillating; he won his two singles matches and shared in the doubles victory over the world's finest. The Ralston story—the human story of the most rapidly improving player in the game—begins on the next page.

*McKinley watches winning partner Ralston hit a meticulous volley against the Mexican team.*

CONTINUED

# DENNIS IS HIS OWN MENACE

**by JACK OLSEN**

If the ancient statesmen of amateur tennis agree on anything as the national championships get under way at Forest Hills, it is that only two men are capable of preventing 21-year-old Dennis Ralston from becoming the national champion. One is Chuck McKinley, the Wimbledon champion who in 1963 has been playing the best tennis of his career; the other is R. (for Richard) Dennis Ralston *(see cover)*.

Chances are that when the tournament is over, Ralston will have continued to confound and confuse the experts—much as he did last week in the U.S.-Mexico Davis Cup matches, in which he beat both Rafael Osuna and Antonio Palafox with ease. He may have roared through the nationals untouched, leaving the top seeds strewn behind him, or he may have blown his stack and been knocked out in the first round by a player known only to his own next of kin and a few close family friends. That is the very nature of Dennis Ralston, a fretful young man who, for several years, has been the heir apparent to the throne of American amateur tennis.

It has been 12 years since Ralston came down U.S. 99 from Bakersfield to amaze the nabobs of southern California tennis with a sample case of strokes and techniques worthy of a person three times his age. And it has been 15 years since he played his first official tournament (it was tough enough to be only 6, but Dennis was small for his age). He lost, 6–2, 7–5, to an 11-year-old, and immediately a local sports editor called Dennis "the brightest prospect we have."

By the time he was old enough to fool around with his father's shaver, Ralston had filled half a dozen shelves with trophies, including the national junior singles championship. At 17, he went to Wimbledon, paired with Osuna of Mexico (neither player had been able to find anyone hard up enough to join him in the doubles). Together, they brought off the first victory for an unseeded team in the history of that old dowager of tournaments. The same year Ralston became the youngest player ever to reach the semifinals at Forest Hills. At 19, he was national doubles champion with Chuck McKinley. And in his 20th year, which ended last month, he knocked off the national indoor singles & doubles championships, the national intercollegiate singles and doubles championships and more than a few other major tournaments. Perry T. Jones, the paterfamilias of southern California tennis and a former Davis Cup captain says: "No player of Ralston's age has ever made a record to match this. Not Gonzalez, not Budge, not Tilden, not Vines. He has looked like a champion since he was 9 years old."

The indisputable fact, however, is that Dennis Ralston is not the U.S. champion. He is not even ranked, because an operation kept him from playing enough last year. Tennis has set up the throne, waxed it and polished it for him, and still something keeps Dennis from sitting on it. The something is his own quixotic disposition. He seems, at times, to be a man firmly arrayed against himself. It is not only that he has a bad temper, and that he is his own favorite target. He also has trouble concentrating on his game. His brooding has cost him more tournaments than the average top player has won.

Ralston's personality problems would be far less of a handicap in any other sport, but in amateur tennis the tiniest indiscretion on the part of a player is visited with a show of official housemother pique, which only compounds the inner turmoil of a touchy player like Ralston. He repeatedly has been in trouble for disturbing domestic and international tranquility by throwing his racket and making "menacing gestures" at the crowd. What manner of ruffian is this?

Well, Dennis Ralston is, in simple fact, a 6-foot 2-inch 165-pounder who looks like Hiram Hayshaker, parts his short, straight reddish-blond hair neatly on the side, uses greasy kid stuff and has close-set, vivid-blue eyes. Off the court he is courteous and gracious and has as much poise as Prince Philip. He is kind to old ladies and little children (not in the literary sense but in the actual: at buffet dinners he is to be seen helping elderly women carry away their delicacies, and he devotes two days a week, when he is in California, to instructing children under the direction of the Youth Tennis Foundation). He drinks Coke by the quart and eats ice cream by the gallon. He does not smoke, and he confines his serious drinking to an occasional bottle of imported beer, a taste which he acquired at one of his tournaments abroad. He has a dread of flying. A University of Southern California teammate, Bill Bond, says: "He sits by the window so he won't miss any details of the crash. He clenches the seat, he grabs me, he says nervous things, he asks me to feel how his heart is pounding."

But Ralston's busiest hours, in a sense, are from midnight to dawn, when he talks to himself and fights furious battles in his sleep. Says his mother: "Dennis bangs into the wall. All night long it's crash, crash." When he drives, he keeps up a running commentary of annoyance at rotten drivers (rotten drivers are drivers of other cars). And he will cuss out a stoplight for taking too long to change to a shade pleasing to R. Dennis Ralston. His internal life is a symphony of shoulds: "I should get a good night's sleep." "I should concentrate more." "I shouldn't let little things get me down."

Ralston stalks out on the tennis court with a scowl, as if something near by smells bad. He looks mean. It is his normal countenance when he plays. Even his walk is aggressive, like a farmboy who is on his way to town and, by gum, he is not going to be detoured. It is a plodding, functional, pick-'em-up-lay-'em-down walk. The effect is accentuated by the fact that he is a big strong kid with solid legs, heavily muscled thighs and a powerful shoulder development.

When he starts playing, everything is silence until he misses a shot—any shot.

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS HALFORD

*Looking more like a loser than a winner, Dennis Ralston still broods over the shots he might have made after he shared in brilliant doubles victory*

Then he begins talking loudly to himself: "Oh, you idiot!" "Gosh, that's just the worst!" "You're so bad it's unbelievable!" "Isn't that just lovely." "God bless it!" When the wind blows one of his lobs out, he will shout: "Thanks, wind, thanks a lot!"

Now, none of this behavior is in the *Boy Scout Handbook* or the gentleman's code of tennis. And pretty soon Ralston finds the crowd against him. "My attitude on the court," says Ralston ruefully, "is not the crowd-pleasing type, I guess." And although he knows he should not let the crowd bother him, it does. Sometimes his cornucopia of strokes pulls him out; sometimes his annoyance costs him a match he should have won. He has a rationalization for all this: he says he needs to goad himself to raise his game to the necessary pitch. So he cusses himself out when he misses.

Ralston is not, by a long shot, the first tennis player with this attitude. "I've known plenty of great players who looked around for ways to get mad, people to get mad at: their opponents, umpires, anybody or anything," says his USC coach, George Toley. "Bill Tilden would select a line judge and convince himself that the fellow was doing him dirt. Pancho Gonzalez developed his 'hatred' by refusing to travel in the same car with his pro-tour opponents. Even smooth-tempered Ellsworth Vines once acted like a sorehead on the court in a deliberate attempt to build up his temper, until one year he saw George Lott doing the same thing and realized how bad it looked."

The prime difference between Ralston and the others is that his anger is directed only at himself. But tennis fans, like USLTA officials, are not mind readers, and when they see Ralston kick his racket, thump the net or slam a ball over the officials' stand, they are entitled to believe that he is acting like a poor sport and, in effect, insulting his opponent. For this misapprehension, Ralston has had to pay dearly. In fact, his rise to the heights of U.S. amateur tennis was, at one point, seriously jeopardized. Three years ago, playing in a tournament in Australia, Ralston behaved badly. He stomped off the court after losing a singles match, he drove a ball over the stands, because, as usual, he was fed up with his own play and he asked to have a roving photographer removed from the sidelines because the man was impairing his concentration. For these offenses, against the Commonwealth and for other offenses at home, he was placed on a year's probation.

In August 1961 at the American Zone Davis Cup finals in Cleveland, there was more trouble. The referee charged that Ralston smacked the tape so hard it was feared he would break the net; that he used vulgar language; that he was rude to the Mexican captain; that he flung his racket four times and made menacing gestures at the crowd. Others, including Ralston, did not see the incident exactly as the referee. "I did say 'God damn it' when I slipped and fell on my face, and I'm sorry," said Ralston, "but that's about all I did." The USLTA suspended Ralston for four months, or just long enough to keep him from playing in several important tournaments. A fuss went up from all quarters, and for weeks nearly every ranking tennis player in the world was busy signing petitions beseeching the USLTA to change its bureaucratic mind. Included in the signers: the Mexican Davis Cup captain whom Ralston supposedly had insulted.

Ralston went home to Bakersfield and brooded. At one point he decided, childishly, never to represent the U.S. again in a Davis Cup match. At another, he made up his mind to quit tennis altogether. He tried a few half-hearted attempts to explain to the hometown press that he had not really acted so horribly at Cleveland. Then old Perry Jones, who had known him since he was 9 years old, called Ralston to Los Angeles and sat him down in his office at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. "I told him something," says Jones, "that Helen Wills once said right in this office: 'Nobody is interested in how you lose. They're only interested in how you win.' I said, 'Now you've been suspended, and you think it was unfair. And you're right. But you *are* suspended, and I recommend that you say nothing. Take your punishment! You've been called out at first base. *You're out!*' After that, and to this very day, he has never complained about that suspension. Not a blessed word. I say people shouldn't call him a poor sport. I say he should get a good sportsmanship award for keeping his mouth shut!"

But keeping his mouth shut did not stop Ralston from brooding, and it was almost two months before his tennis-playing father was able to lure Dennis out on the courts again. The suspension lasted until the beginning of 1962, and then the next *affaire* Ralston happened. Representing the United States in the Davis Cup doubles in Mexico City, with Chuck McKinley as his partner, Ralston double-faulted 15 times in the first three sets, including five times in a row. The U.S. team lost the doubles to Palafox and Osuna, with Ralston chalking up a grand total of 18 double faults in the five sets. Three or four would have been par. "Ever since then," Ralston says dryly, "all you hear is how I lost the Davis Cup with my double faults. Well, we won two of the first three sets where I double-faulted 15 times. We lost the last two sets where I double-faulted only two or three times." Ralston had a legitimate excuse: a cartilage in his left knee was damaged. (He was operated on shortly thereafter.) But instead of alibiing, he went home. His mother recalled: "Those articles that came out in the papers saying how he lost the Davis Cup, they just about tore him to bits. He was in awful shape. He goes to pieces over something like that. He was talking in his sleep all night. He went over that whole match. He would say, 'I'm gonna get this next point, I've got to get this next point!' I would lie awake and listen to him. He'd say, 'We've got to win this, I've got to get this one back.' He relived the whole thing in his dreams. In the mornings, I would be practically in tears."

Ralston's troubles in Mexico City were all the more painful to him because of his own galloping annoyance at himself for hitting a ball poorly—any ball, any time, against any opponent, no matter what the score. He has carried competitiveness to a fault, and frequently the loss of one point will cause him to lose three or four more through residual anger at himself. "He is the most competitive athlete I have ever seen," says the brilliant Osuna, who is in a unique position to evaluate Ralston, having been his roommate at USC, his partner in winning Wimbledon and his arch-opponent in Davis Cup competition. "When I miss a shot, I say, 'Well, it is only a shot, I will get the next one.' But to Dennis it is like losing his life to miss a single shot." Bill Bond, a friend since early childhood, says: "His feet are moving every second. He tries for every ball that he has any chance of getting." Ralston himself says: "I try to beat everybody as bad as I can.

It's just my nature I guess. I don't take it easy on any shot—even if I'm behind 40-love and the game doesn't matter anyway. I've learned that a lot of games are won from that point. You only have to win five points to win the game. If a guy gets you 40-love he relaxes a little bit. He maybe gives you the first point. Then you make the second point. Then you're only one point from deuce. . . ." Dennis Ralston wants to *win*. On several occasions, when his doubles partner had been injured, Ralston asked the judges to permit the injured partner to stand on the court while Ralston opened the match singlehanded. Obviously the match would end in a default as soon as the injured partner could not take his normal service turn. But in the meantime, Ralston points out in total seriousness, it might rain.

Such an attitude once induced Jack Kramer to say, "That boy is a scowler, and he is going places. He is not interested in pleasing. His only aim is to win."

All of these attitudes seem to have been fully developed in Ralston at a very early age. What he lacked in height, while he was growing up, he made up for in a fierce determination to run the legs off anyone who stepped on a court with him. His parents remember the old days proudly. Says his mother, Gail, a junior high school teacher who once was women's singles champion of Kern County: "He wanted to win so badly, and he tried so hard, that on close sets in many matches he would cry. But he didn't want anybody to see him cry. I remember once in a tournament at Altadena—he was 9 then—he went around behind the bushes, and he was crying. That's the way he is. He hates to lose. He'll play until he drops. But we're both that way: we play to win. It's in the genes and the chromosomes."

Dennis' father, a transmission man for the telephone company and a fine tennis player himself, adds: "He wants to win everything. He demands four strokes a side when we play golf, even though he plays too good for that. He always wants to beat me, whether it's gin rummy or cribbage or whatever. Five minutes after he gets in the house from a long trip he wants to play me cards."

"Yes," says Gail, "he just seems to want to beat his father at everything. And yet they've got a very close relationship, a wonderful relationship."

Dennis Ralston's introduction to tennis, its play and its attitudes, came when

*continued*

## THEY WAITED A YEAR TO GET THEIR REVENGE

Last August, in the thin, mile-high atmosphere of Mexico City, the Mexican Davis Cup team of Rafael Osuna and Antonio Palafox beat the Americans three matches to two—an appalling upset. The key match was the doubles, with the Mexicans winning over Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston in five nerve-racking sets. Presumably neither McKinley nor Ralston took the defeat easily, for in last Saturday's reprise against the Mexicans at the Los Angeles Tennis Club both played inspired, aggressive, canny tennis and blasted the perplexed Osuna and Palafox off the court, 6–1, 6–3, 8–6, taking a total of 76 minutes for the job.

The win gave the Americans a 2–1 lead in matches and pointed them toward an almost certain victory. The day before, Osuna, light-footed and intent, had surprised McKinley, the Wimbledon champion, by winning an in-and-out match that went to five sets, 6–2, 3–6, 6–2, 2–6, 6–3. Rusty after a 19-day layoff from tournament competition, McKinley failed to get his first service in more than 25% of the time—a dangerous lapse against as quick and shrewd a player as Osuna. While McKinley banged away for winners and inevitable errors, Osuna never overplayed the ball, maintained pressure throughout and repeatedly trapped McKinley with well-disguised lobs. Still, the bouncy American, wearing a floppity hat to shade both his eyes and the back of his neck from a sun that fired the temperature up to 114°, might have salvaged the match had he been able to hold service in the sixth game of the final set. Three times he was within a point of winning. Then Osuna crashed through with two defiant service returns and an irretrievable volley. After that, the starch went out of McKinley.

Tense before a crowd he considers his home folks, Ralston then stepped out on the court and proceeded to take apart an erratic Palafox in four sets, 6–1, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3. In fairness, it should be pointed out that there was an excuse for the lackluster play of the Mexican: a few weeks ago, when the Mexicans were getting primed for the match, Palafox's father died. The break in training and the emotional shock obviously affected his play.

The Mexicans—victors in the doubles at Wimbledon in July and winners of the U.S. championship last year—were highly favored to win the doubles on Saturday. But the Americans took the initiative immediately and never relaxed their grip. Without losing a service in the entire match, they took advantage of the true bounce on the cement court and consistently hit the ball on the rise, enabling them to storm the net and control the play. McKinley was the quarterback and chief basher; Ralston, playing the right-hand court, kept the ball in play, hitting low, forcing the high return that McKinley could powder for the point. The Mexicans ignored a basic rule of winning doubles: get the first service in. Missing on more than half their initial deliveries, their three-quarter-speed, spinning second services bounced short in the service box, allowing the fired-up Americans to slam the ball down their throats. Palafox was the Americans' target and, as he erred on point after point, Osuna was forced to go after the big shot—the winner—in an attempt to end rallies quickly. As a consequence he was forced into many errors himself.

Pancho Gonzalez, who coached the American team, was instrumental in the American victory. He encouraged McKinley, playing the left-hand court, to run around his backhand at every opportunity and direct hard, low, top-spin forehands at the incoming server, who found them extremely difficult to volley. Gonzalez improved Ralston's service by changing the position of the toss and shortening the swing to lessen the area for error. He also worked on Ralston's ground strokes, emphasizing the value of controlled speed as opposed to the all-or-nothing passing shot many young doubles players are tempted to hit. "I never learned so much so quickly before," Ralston said graciously of Pancho's teaching.

On Sunday, in the decisive match, Ralston faced Osuna and, with little strain or fuss, defeated him in straight sets, 6–1, 6–3, 7–5, for an American victory over Mexico. Ralston hit crisply and aggressively and an astounding variety of shots came off his racket. Repeatedly he confused Osuna by refusing to commit himself before Osuna's shot and then moving beautifully into position to fire it back to the point where it would be the most difficult to retrieve. Scramble as he would, Osuna could not keep pace with an extremely poised, very confident Ralston. McKinley's victory over Palafox, 6–4, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, closed out the round, giving America a 4–1 triumph. The Americans had squared themselves.

—WILLIAM F. TALBERT

he was an infant. He used to peep through the slats of his playpen, which was parked alongside the Coke machine at the public courts in Bakersfield, and watch his parents play a fast game of singles. When he was barely out of diapers, his father gave him a cut-down racket. "From then on," said his sister Roberta, two years older, "he would go out to a brick wall we had in the back of the house and hit balls against it for hours, while all the other kids were out making mud pies."

Ralston's early tutelage on the courts was handled by his parents, and in a discussion at their neat home in Bakersfield, accompanied by daughter Roberta, they recently revived their memories.

"I used to be able to get him upset," said the father.

"Yes," said Roberta, "I remember that. You used to get him mad at me when he and I were playing. He'd just stomp around—he was such a little guy, and I was sort of tall and skinny. He'd march around, and he'd swing his racket, and he was so mad, and he'd call me all sorts of names, and Daddy'd just sit back there and laugh. Sometimes Denny would get so mad he'd sock me."

"I made him mad when I played him too," said Mr. Ralston. "It was gamesmanship. I tried to get him mad for a definite purpose. I would do it hoping he would finally get to the point where he could see that it wouldn't do him any good to get that mad."

"But that's a hard thing to learn," said Mrs. Ralston. "It takes years and years."

"Well," said the father, "it's taken Denny quite a while to learn, really. Some people never do."

Roberta, a recent graduate of Stanford who will teach social studies, has her own explanation for her brother's court antics. "I've always thought that he does a lot of it as a way to show people that he doesn't like the way he's playing. That's how he started out. When he was young and used to put on a show, I'd say, 'Oh, Denny, who are you trying to kid?' You see, people used to laugh at him when he was little. They used to think he was so cute. And he never got censure from people."

Roberta explained that while she has the deepest affection for her brother, she does not approve of his racket-throwing and other outbursts because they are bad influences on younger players. "Why should we have all these little kids be Denny Ralstons and swing their rackets and act mad?" she said. "No! I've seen it all over northern California. Kids idolize Denny. When I was a counselor at camp, they'd say, 'Are you Denny Ralston's sister?' and then they'd say, 'How does this look?' and they'd start throwing their rackets around."

Said Mrs. Ralston: "It doesn't look good, let's face it, to get exasperated, but still it's a way of getting rid of a frustration that builds up in you."

Back East at a tournament, the party of the first part talked about his childhood. "When I was real little and I lost, I used to cry," said Dennis Ralston, "because I hated to lose so much. Somehow I got the feeling, the attitude, that I should never miss a ball, that I was letting people down and when I did, that's when I got mad and it would hurt me. I'd get blind mad, furious. I competed against my sister, and I hated to lose to her. I started beating her when I was very young. Then next, I beat my mother—she got a little older, and she couldn't move as fast as she had. And then I was out to beat my father. He was a good club player, better than a good club player. He beat Bobby Riggs, when Riggs was in high school, in a team match. I was about 11 or 12 when I was able to beat my father. I started out by being able to win a game, then a set. I always wanted to beat him, and he knew it. He laughed at me. For so long, he laughed at me. He'd beat me, and he'd just laugh, and I'd get mad." The memory made Dennis Ralston laugh at himself. Now the two are very close, and last year, when they won the USLTA father-and-son hard court championship at La Jolla, Dennis grabbed a microphone and announced: "This is the highest honor I have ever won."

Whatever else he may have picked up from his parental mentors, Dennis Ralston vaulted into junior tennis tournaments with as fine a set of basic strokes as could be seen short of a training film. Perry Jones had had his first look at the young Ralston, who was then being taught independence and resourcefulness by his parents, in 1951. They had loaded him on the bus from Bakersfield to Los Angeles, and at age 9, all alone, he appeared for a junior tournament at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. "His eyes barely came up to the counter," Jones said, "and right next to him was the biggest valise you ever saw. He looked up at me and he said, 'I'm Dennis.'

"I said, 'Dennis who?'

"He said, 'Why, I'm Dennis Ralston. Where do I stay?'

"Well, I must say I almost fell over at the sight of this little kid telling me he was Dennis as if I ought to know. Luckily, I had someplace to put him up. Now that I look back on it, I think the Ralstons were awfully smart with Dennis, because they didn't baby him. Think of that trip—120 miles, at age 9! Usually the anguished parents would come along and want to know where he was every second. No, sir, not the Ralstons. They cleaned his clothes, pressed his suit, and put him on the bus and said go down there and see Mr. Jones. Dennis once said to me, 'You know my family never babied me. They treated me like a man, even when I was a little kid. They told me what to do and that was it!' As a result, Denny is very resourceful."

It was not uncommon, in those days, for the youthful prodigy to work out with the likes of the Panchos, Gonzalez and Segura, and other fine players who hung around the Los Angeles Tennis Club. When Dennis was 16, Ken Rosewall came through Los Angeles on the way to Wimbledon and paid a visit to Jones, who savors the story:

"Rosewall said, 'Mr. Jones, I've just a few hours here but I'd like to have a rally.' I said, 'There's nobody that could give you any kind of a game.' He said, 'That doesn't make any difference. Just somebody that can bat a ball.' 'Well,' I

*Even as a youngster Ralston was no laughing*

said, 'I got a boy 16 years old here, and he'd get a tremendous thrill batting balls with you. But of course he can't give you much of a game!'

"I took Dennis out there to court No. 2, and he beat the heck out of Rosewall. Beat him, beat him, beat his ears back!"

No one, not even Ralston booster Perry Jones, is arguing that Ralston was the better player. "Rosewall wasn't concentrating," said Jones. "And he was just working out, loosening up. But he never expected to see a 16-year-old with that collection of strokes and so much finesse. Right then Denny certified that he was going to be a great player."

Ralston's repertoire of tennis shots, most of them learned from his mother, blends with an innate tennis sense that cannot be taught. As Jones explains it: "When you look at slow-motion pictures of Vines, of Budge, of Kramer, you find that they're in the exact place they should be in order to return the ball *most comfortably*. This is an uncanny quality, and Dennis has it. When I asked him about it, he said he thought it came from watching the ball. In watching where the ball's coming, in judging its speed, where it's going, how it's going to bounce, he instinctively gets in the right spot." One is reminded of Gail Ralston's instructions to her son: "I told him to watch the ball as though there were writing on it, and he had to read the writing."

Other facets of Ralston's game mark him as a special case. For one thing, he is an all-court player without a stroke weakness (with the occasional exception of the first serve, which has gotten better since the Mexico City debacle, but which can still use further improvement). He can play steady baseline tennis with anybody. There is no solace to be gained from hitting to his backhand; it is as strong as his forehand. He is an expert volleyer and has perhaps the best offensive lob in amateur tennis. It is difficult to crowd the net on him because he begins plunking lobs that soon take the wind out of an opponent if, indeed, he gets them at all.

With a superb pair of eyes, Ralston picks up the ball sooner than most other players and thus is able to play it faster, an important advantage in top tennis. Explained Coach Toley: "Dennis plays the ball on the rise; he plays it early. Most players let the ball come down off the rise a little. But Dennis plays it on the short hop, when the ball has barely left the ground after bouncing, like a shortstop charging a ball instead of backing up on it. This cuts down on the number of steps the other fellow can take to get to the ball. In addition, he gets more speed because he is using the full speed of the other boy's hit.

"Eighty percent of the top players can't play the ball early. It takes a great eye and great timing. Ellie Vines played the ball on the rise, and so did Don Budge. Denny is as close to Budge in all-court ability as any player we've had for a long time. He's got that short backswing and those eyes, and he has the ability to hold off doing what he's going to do until the last second. He doesn't commit himself, and that's murder on the opponent. That's why he gets a lot of lobs over people's heads. They don't know it's going to be a lob."

Now, with his bad knee corrected (his left leg had become shorter than his right), all that stands between Ralston and the top spot is his disposition, a fact of which he is well aware. He wishfully thinks he has his temper well under control. "I don't have that problem any more," he said recently, with bland innocence. "I still get a little irritated just like anybody else, but I get over it." He thinks his main problem now is an inability to concentrate. "It's so hard," he explained, "especially on clay where it takes a long time to run out a set and each point takes so much out of you. If you concentrate, you don't look at the stands. You don't look at anybody. All you do is concentrate on the ball."

"I know that's what is on his mind these days," says his roommate, Osuna. "The other night I was reading and he was sleeping, and all of a sudden he started shouting in his sleep: 'Concentrate! Concentrate!' " Again one is reminded of a statement by the former women's singles champion of Kern County, California. "If a person is playing competitive tennis," said Gail Ralston, "he ought to be able to eliminate all the outside conditions and concentrate, concentrate on the ball regardless of anything." Dennis Ralston tries to follow his mother's advice, even when he is sleeping. **END**

*boy when he had a racket in his hand. Family snapshots show him with his mother, his sister, Roberta, and as a young amateur going off to win*

# THE BIG THREE LOOKED MIGHTY

*Jockey Eric Guerin eases Crewmen to the finish line in the Travers ahead of another long shot, Hot Dust (5). Chateaugay (4), Candy Spots (white*

It was supposed to be the race of the year. It was supposed to be the finest Travers Stakes ever run, and 93 good ones had been run before it. It was supposed to prove once and for all which was the best horse: Chateaugay, winner of the Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes, or Candy Spots, winner of the Preakness and five other $100,000 races this season, or Never Bend, last year's 2-year-old champion.

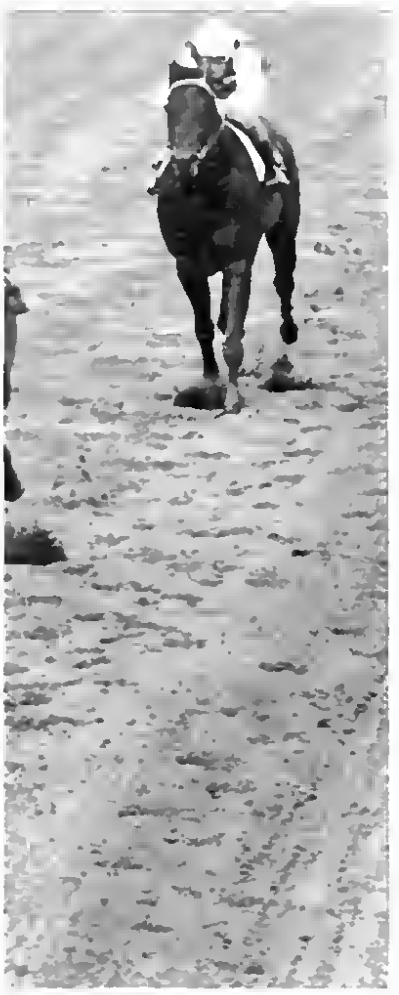
What last Saturday's Travers did, however, was something that it certainly was not supposed to do. It threw completely out of focus an already blurred picture. Crewman, George D. Widener's often faint-hearted 3-year-old, beat the glamour horses in the Travers field black-and-blue and, by the time dusk had settled over Saratoga's graceful elms, 29,335 people realized they had witnessed a race that was weird and unique.

All week before the Travers, the horsy Saratoga set talked incessantly about the forthcoming mile-and-a-quarter classic, and seldom was Crewman's name even mentioned. Through spring and summer Crewman had ducked the big races and the Big Three, settling for two victories in secondary stakes at Delaware Park, as well as some fair performances at Aqueduct and Monmouth Park.

Chateaugay, Candy Spots and Never Bend had trained for perfection for this Travers, and all the attention was on them. But Crewman was not standing around just gulping oats. He has always been partial to the deep Saratoga track and was working well. Bert Mulholland, his trainer, changed the equipment on his colt, yanking off blinkers and fitting Crewman with a figure-eight strap to keep the colt's mouth closed. On race day Mulholland pulled Jockey Eric Guerin aside in the walking ring and

# SMALL

**The glamour colts were upset at Saratoga, and Carry Back began his comeback in Cleveland** **by WHITNEY TOWER and WILLIAM LEGGETT**



blaze), *Choker and Never Bend* (last).

said, "Get him away and take a good long hold. Your horse and Never Bend will be on the lead, but don't worry about it. You are on a sharp horse, and you're going to win it."

At the start Never Bend went to the front, and Guerin sent Crewman right after him, just as Mulholland had told him to do. Going past the stands the first time Candy Spots was on the rail and dead last, but at the clubhouse turn Jockey Bill Shoemaker slipped Candy Spots through on the rail and into a comfortable third-place position. But Shoemaker sensed trouble. Going into the first turn, he clipped Chateaugay's heels slightly. "Spots was running awfully rank," said Shoemaker. "You know, not relaxed at all. Even before we got to the quarter pole, I knew we were dead. If a horse isn't relaxed you know he's not going to run."

Going into the final turn it was still Never Bend on the lead with Crewman just off him. Candy Spots made a futile run that fizzled. Chateaugay, with his familiar drive, came from way back and it looked for a moment as though the real race was about to begin. But Never Bend stopped and, suddenly, Crewman opened up three lengths to free himself from further competition. Another long shot, Hot Dust, closed bravely to be second, with Chateaugay third and Candy Spots fourth. Never Bend was last.

An hour after the race Mesh Tenney, Candy Spots' trainer, announced that the colt had bled from the nostrils while cooling out. Bleeding usually indicates a horse is suffering from some form of exhaustion, and every horseman knows a bleeding horse is hardly one that can be expected to turn in his best effort. Candy Spots was a disappointment, but he did attract a huge crowd that broke the record set 10 years ago, when Native Dancer won the Travers.

Nobody is likely to claim that the Travers settled the 3-year-old championship. This fall these colts will have to move up into the weight-for-age races, and then we may finally learn who is best. Candy Spots deserves another chance, and so does Chateaugay. Outing Class, who skipped last week's race, will help decide the Jockey Club Gold Cup and Woodward. Aside from taking on one another in these races, the 3-year-olds will have the dubious honor of playing hide-and-go-seek with Kelso and perhaps even Carry Back.

•

At 7:45 on the morning of the Travers, Jack Price, the owner of Carry Back, walked onto the track at Randall Park, near Cleveland, Ohio. "I remember," he said, "walking the course at Longchamp in Paris last October before Carry Back ran in the Arc de Triomphe. There were all those hills, and the grass was almost over my head. I was huffing and puffing, and I wondered then if I wasn't some kind of screwball for taking him to France. I wonder if I'm not some kind of a screwball right now. Here I am trying to bring Carry Back back to the races in my own home town on my birthday. He's been away from the races for nine months, at stud. A lot of people would like to see the Carry Back story end. Maybe he can't do what I think he can do. I don't want to disgrace him, but I think he's ready to run."

Nine hours later Carry Back did run and, although he finished second in the $33,950 Buckeye Handicap to Gushing Wind, he proved that he is still one of the best Thoroughbreds of the past 20 years. He was alert and gritty and, in the next two months, may run himself right back to form. This week he goes in the $100,000 Washington Park Handicap in Chicago.

For his Cleveland appearance Jack Price dressed in blue and had his shoes shined. He bounded from grandstand to clubhouse, from hot dog stand to bar. People came over and shook his hand, and a few horseplayers even tried to borrow money from him. Jack was not the Price that you see at Aqueduct or Monmouth or Churchill Downs. He was truly touched by the affection that greeted him. He paused several times to wipe his eyes. "Today I get a feeling that every one of these people wants to see Carry Back win," he said.

When the gate opened in the Buckeye, Gushing Wind jumped to the front, but there was no speed to challenge him. Carry Back was the only chaser, and he runs best when there are three or four horses in front of him. Gushing Wind shot off to a six-length lead. Carry Back cut it to three at the top of the stretch, but then he hung. Obviously, nine months is too long for any horse to be away and then come back at the top of his form. Carry Back's race was good and true, however, and he has not lost his competitive fire. Jack Price may be back over his head in Paris grass come next October. **END**

As you recall, in the last installment of *The Perils of Parnelli, or the Offenhausers at Bay*, Parnelli Jones had just won the Indianapolis "500" and first prize of $150,000 with his faithful old Offenhauser roadster; the British Lotus cars powered by American Ford V-8s had gloriously and provocatively finished second and seventh; Driver Eddie Sachs had been knocked down by Jones for suggesting that Parnelli had been wicked to spill oil on the track; and a wild and wordy debate had begun over whether Jones should have been disqualified for his famous oil leak.

Last Sunday most of the cars and characters that had kept Indianapolis jumping reassembled in full battle dress for a 200-mile race at Milwaukee before 35,096 people, believed to be the largest crowd ever to watch a race on a U.S. one-mile track. Result: the most remarkable auto race Beertown has seen since Barney Oldfield, behind the wheel of his *Golden Submarine*, beat Ralph DePalma's Simplex Special on the same track in 1917. Scotland's chipper little Jimmy Clark in a Lotus-Ford whipped the Offies so handily that it can now be said that a new era in U.S. racing is inevitable.

"The rains came today," said Al Dean, chief of the Dean Van Lines, who owns four Offenhausers. "I am going to dump my junk. The Lotus-Fords have made my cars obsolete."

A. J. Foyt, the rugged and determined Texan who presently ranks first in the American drivers' championship, came in almost a lap behind in an Offy and, as it developed, just in time. He ran out of fuel on his first cool-off lap. Behind him was Dan Gurney, Clark's teammate in the only other Lotus-Ford entered in the race.

The new excitement over the Lotus-Fords started brewing a month ago when Colin Chapman, builder of the car's chassis, ran preliminary tests on the paved oval at the Wisconsin State Fairgrounds. The test runs were sensational.

In the cars at Milwaukee were Clark, 27, who had led Indy for a time and lost by only 34 seconds to Jones, and Gurney, the 32-year-old Californian who first had the idea of building the Lotus-Fords. He finished seventh in this year's "500." Both lowered the Offenhauser track record of 34.09 seconds for a mile lap (held by Don Branson) to roughly 32.6 seconds. In miles per hour that meant a sharp jump from 105 to 110. The Offymen, who had been profoundly shocked by the Lotuses at Indianapolis, were shaken again.

Rodger Ward, perhaps foreseeing his fourth-place finish Sunday, told roadster builder A. J. Watson that he wanted, by George, a rear-engined chassis for 1964. Twice winner of the "500" and so far this year the second-ranking U.S. driver (Jones is third), Ward, in fact, was already prophesying the doom of the big, beefy cars that for a decade had enjoyed an Indy monopoly with their four-cyl-

# THE OLD GUARD HAS TO CALL IT A DAY

**Scotland's Jim Clark, driving a Lotus-Ford, won handily at Milwaukee and confirmed an auto racing uprising that began at Indy** by KENNETH RUDEEN

*Glimpsing the birth of a new era, Indianapolis Winner Parnelli Jones sees Clark test the Lotus that later ran away from the Offenhausers.*

under, alcohol-burning Offenhauser engines mounted in the front. The Lotus-Ford chassis is superlight and frameless, its engine, in the rear, burns ordinary gas and, in contrast to the roadster's beam axles, has all-independent suspension.

Others beside Ward were equally gloomy over the Offies' future unless big chunks of weight were taken off or the cars were reengineered to corner more quickly, or something. To be sure, the Lotuses had not been quite as fast as the top Offies at Indianapolis. They did well there largely because they required only one pit stop rather than the Offies' normal three. But, it seemed, all they needed was a little more horsepower to win. Ford promised plump new horses for next year.

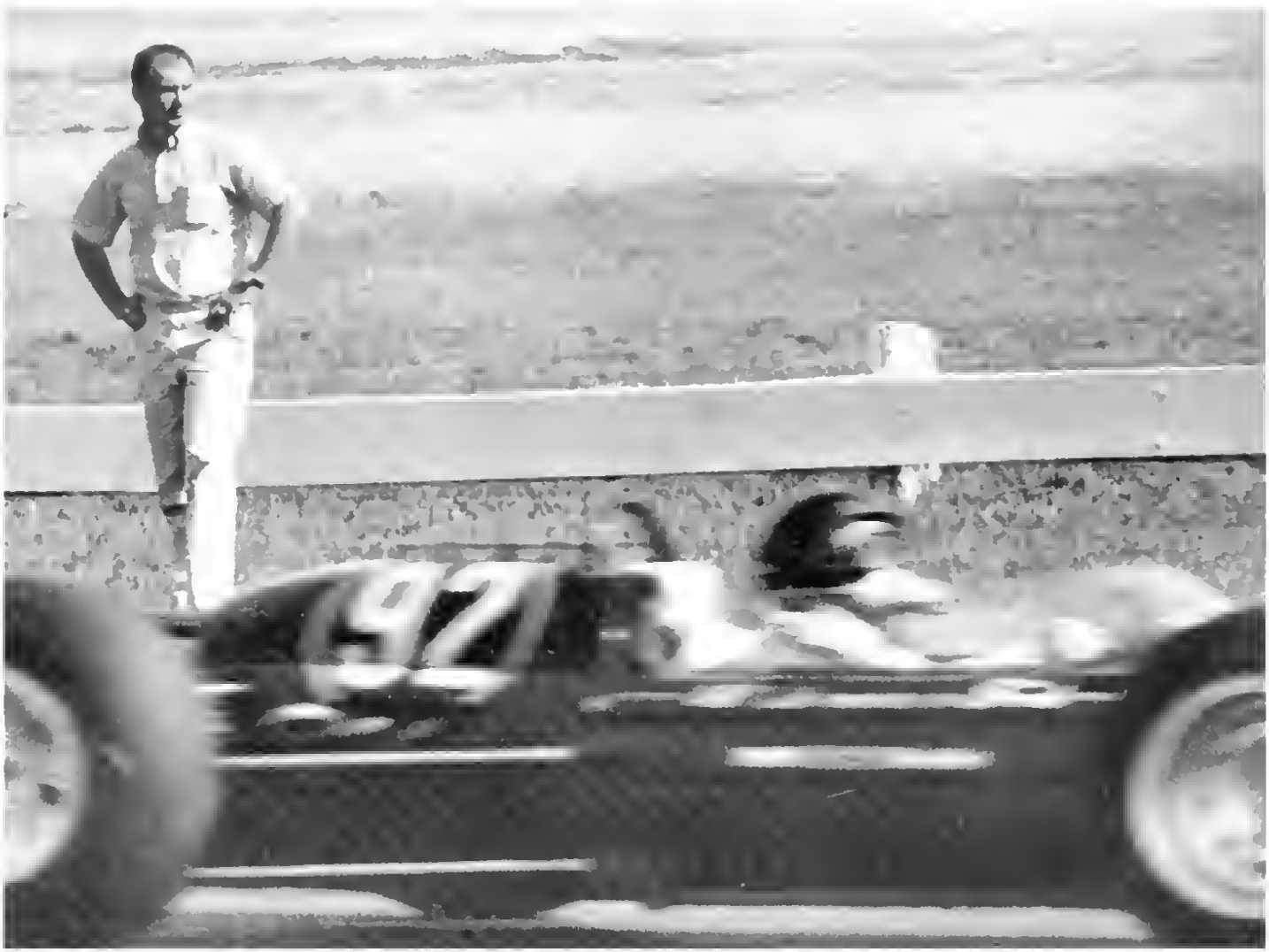
What made the Lotuses' first Milwaukee visit all the more ominous was the fact that they were powered by the same type of engine they had used in the "500." Moreover, smaller carburetors were fitted to Clark's engine to improve its performance in the turns. Actually, the alteration produced less horsepower—about 20-30 hp less than the 360 for Indy, Chapman said—but the car handled better. The Offies, still marvelous racing machines, continued to thump out 400 hp and a little more.

Racing is not only cars, however. The Americans at Milwaukee had Clark himself to contend with, and Clark is a special quantity even among top drivers. He captured four straight Grand Prix races abroad this spring and summer and is rapidly proving himself one of the finest drivers in history. Driving a Chapman-built, Climax-engined racer, he has virtually clinched the world championship for 1963. Gurney, one of the few road-racing drivers in Clark's league, struggled week after week with a Brabham car which was clearly outclassed. The Indy men, of course, are superb, too. They have been buzzing away in their own American championship series, which this year includes a dozen races (besides the "500") on dirt and paved tracks across the country. When the season ends in Phoenix on November 17, the Americans will have driven before a quarter of a million people and split up some $600,000 in purses.

Chapman, Clark and Gurney returned to Milwaukee last Friday morning and again shattered Offy marks in prerace trials, although this time they were a bit slower. Said Clark: "The track was slower than before." Said Chapman: "Track conditions vary so much that it is difficult to draw any conclusion. We changed gear ratios to go faster; instead, we are going slower."

It was exactly like the days before the "500." Nobody really knew how the Lotuses would do, but everybody wanted to see. Parnelli Jones himself witnessed the Friday trials, just checking up. A master driver at whatever he attempts, he had won a big 150-mile stock-car race at Milwaukee the previous Sunday

Continued on page 49



*Is it a polo player with a broken mallet? No. It is amateur golfer William Felder III, trotting happily toward his golf ball. Felder is one of 12 members of the Bella Vista Golf Club near Mexico City who recently set out to play one of the longest golf holes ever. For eight miles they hacked and slashed their way across open country lying between their club and the 9th green of La Hacienda Golf Club. No lie was considered unplayable, no method of travel was illegal. The point was to get there.*

# If You See a Snake, Hit It

Photographs by Felipe Cla

*Four teams, each consisting of one pro and two amateurs, moved out at 9:30 in the morning, equipped for any contingency. Besides 12 horses, the players took along a snake-bite kit, a revolver and a jeep filled with sandwiches, booze, quinine water and olives. For seven hours they swarmed over the rugged terrain, their banner an 18th-hole flag with a skull and crossbones on it. Along the way the golfers faced such exotic hazards as fleshy-leaved maguey plants* (right) *dense woods, streams without bridges and even a trash dump* (top).

CONTINUED

*At the insistance of Balla Vista's Paul Deutz, who organized the zany effair, the players limited themselves to three clubs—a two-wood, a five-iron and a pitching wedge. Thus restricted, they showed amazing resourcefulness whenconfrontad by lias saldom mat on tha golf course. At laft, the no longar smiling Felder, who hed a full bag of clubs anyway, does some landscaping before ettecking the ball in a furrow on a plowed field. Unsure when they set out whet local reaction their odyssey would ceuse, the pleyers found their audiences too stunned to reise objections to their bizerre trespasses. At one point, two teams of startled soccer pleyers broke off their gema to gape at the whooping golfers. The outing was more then feintly suggestiva of a duffer's nightmere. Ten balls were never found, two more landed in a river and one senk in a small lake. "Eight miles," seid one segging competitor as he boarded his mount for the final jog to the green, "is an awfully long way to hit a golf ball."*

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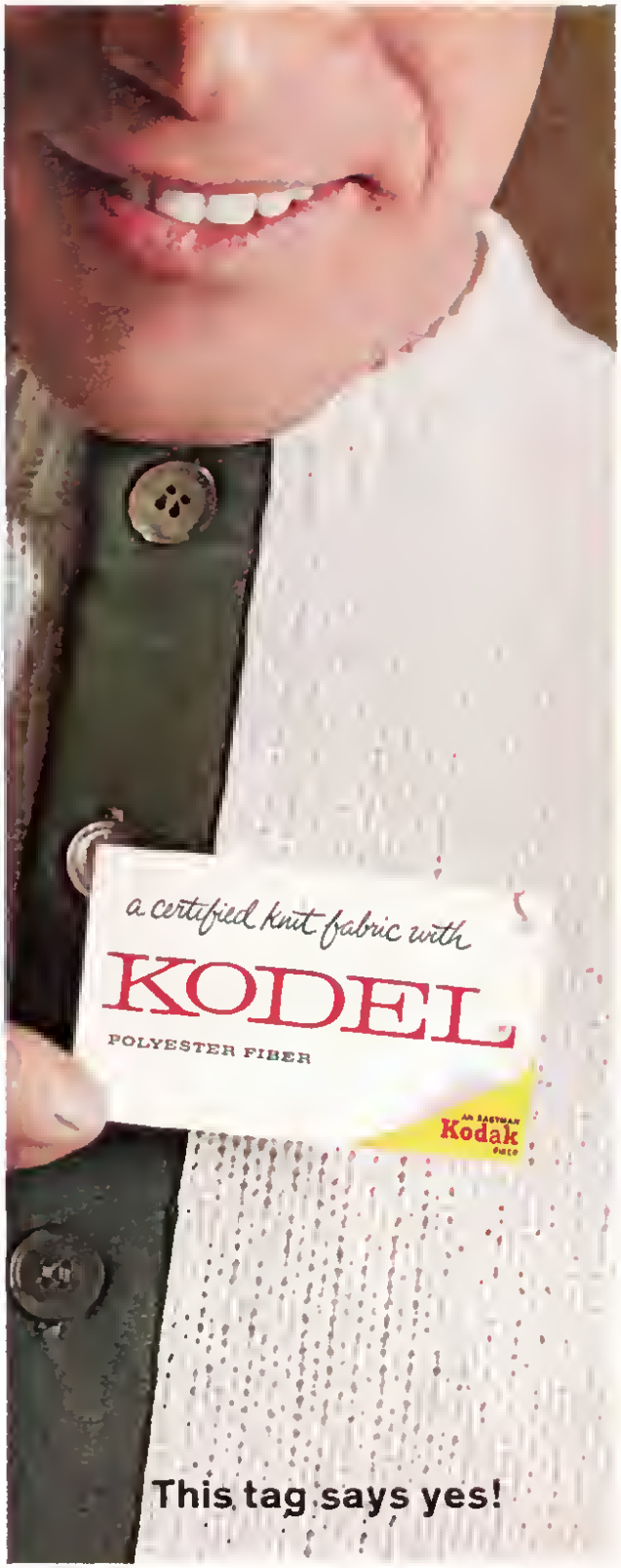


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## Long Golf Hole (continued)

Posing like two Jims flag reiser, caddie shows way to distant green.

Bunkered behind Indian and her burro, golfer bellows futile "Fore!"

Arriving at last at green, adventurers are greeted by mariachi band.

As a gaily clad band at La Hacienda scraped away on violins in not very close harmony, the weary trail blazers were greeted by wives and fellow golfers, toasted with beer and festooned with leis. The team of Juan Neri, Bella Vista professional, and amateurs Felder and Fernando Ville won. They holed out in a respectable 114, Ville slamming home the winning putt with his two-wood. As all hands engaged in a celebration that included dancing on tabletops, organizer Deutz commented contentedly, "Enthusiasm ran astonishingly high." His next project: a tournament at night, same course, using fluorescent golf balls

# The Dramatic Moment

The celebrated case of Wallace Butts vs. the Curtis Publishing Company that had aroused the South and college football people throughout the country reached its emotional climax last week with this scene, recorded by Artist Arthur Shilstone, in a third-floor courtroom of Atlanta's Old Post Office Building. Butts, former University of Georgia coach and athletic director, had sued Curtis' *Saturday Evening Post* for $10 million on the grounds that he was libeled in an article, "The Story of a College Football Fix," published last March. Butts was on the stand when one of his attorneys, William Schroder, read from the *Post* article (*the exhibit standing next to the court stenographer*) that said Butts had given away "all the significant secrets" of Georgia's football team to Alabama Coach Bear Bryant before their game last year. Schroder asked if this were true. "No," said Butts, "and I would like to explain that for a time I hid from people, but not any more. I am looking them in the eye because it is not true." Then he burst into tears. Still crying, he was helped from the stand by Schroder and led past the jury (*right*). Judge Lewis Morgan declared a five-minute recess. Last Monday, after nine days of testimony, the case went to the jury, which had to decide whether the *Post* article was "substantially true" or "foul," as Butts's lawyers had contended.

# *Fair Time at an Old Coal Mine*

When summer's humid air settles over southern Illinois, knowing residents head for the Du Quoin fairgrounds, 1,500 acres of bluegrass and green trees located on the site of what was once the Black Gold Mine. There next week harness horses will work out in the cool dawn, frisky farm animals will compete for hundreds of multicolored ribbons, the midway's cheesecake will vie for attention with Grandma's devil's food and 35,000 will cheer their favorites at the greatest trotting race of all: The Hambletonian.

CONTINUED

Decorated with flowers, a mighty draft horse takes orders from the slight, fair lady who trained him.

Rising to the occasion, a dancing horse named Old Gray Mare entertains fans between trotting races.

# *A Colt and a Driver Worthy of the Big Prize*

The Hambletonian is raced over one of the most beautiful and best cared-for tracks in the world. Set in lush and wooded country that rolls to the horizon, the track wears its infield lake in silvery splendor against the rich brown of the course and the reds and yellows of neat flowerbeds. It is a fitting backdrop for champions, and this year it serves as a colorful showcase for one of the finest trotters in a decade, Speedy Scot.

Good trotters, skipping lightly and in crisp cadence over the ground, are nearly always distinguished for their grace. Speedy is one of the exceptions. His dominant characteristic is power. When he barrels along a course he is less like a ballerina mincing across a stage than a diesel engine thundering along a steel track. True, his style is classic—the head is still and straight, the broad chest immobile and with the hindquarters delivering thrust to reaching and pumping legs.

But the overwhelming impression is one of strength, not elegance, in motion. Perhaps adding to the inelegance is a habit Speedy has of trotting with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out, way out. This is not only odd but dangerous. Horses have bitten their tongues accidentally during races. But Speedy's trainer and driver, Ralph Baldwin, says, "I could tie his tongue down, of course. We do that often. But his tongue doesn't seem to bother him, and you hate to change things with a colt as good as this one."

It is said often of a trotter that he will win a particular race if he does not break stride and thus lose ground to the rest of the field, or that he will win if he is not forced by bad luck to circle his opposition and stay outside all the way to find racing room. Speedy Scot is the clear favorite in next week's Hambletonian precisely because the record shows that neither of these conditions applies to him.

In two of his most recent races, against the best in his class, he had breaks and bad luck. Speedy broke stride directly after the start of the Historic-Dickerson Cup at Goshen last month. He did the same thing at the Yonkers Futurity last week. As Baldwin fought with the reins to bring Speedy back on gait, the horse lost some dozen lengths to both fields. (Since there was no apparent reason for either break, one is tempted to speculate that the colt enjoys giving his opposition an early advantage.) With Speedy trotting again, Baldwin was in no position to catch up on the inside, from where he would have to thread his way through the field. He took Speedy outside and stayed there, thereby trotting considerably farther than those on or closer to the rail. Speedy relentlessly overcame his handicap with each long, powerful stride. He moved ahead and then easily held off all challenges.

It is also significant that both the Dickerson and the Futurity were raced on half-mile tracks with tight turns and short straightaways, conditions that hamper a come-from-behind effort. At Du Quoin, the wide, sweeping turns and long stretches of a mile oval cannot fail to benefit the racing style of Speedy Scot. He should win, and he is a reasonable bet to set a new Hambletonian speed record in the process.

For Trainer Baldwin, Speedy's preeminence seems simple justice. Baldwin is as widely admired among trotting horsemen as any man could hope to be in an occupation so highly competitive. Not only his skill but a gentleness of manner and character have earned him a reputation as the sport's quiet man (SI, May 20). He has never driven a Hambletonian winner, and the circumstances of his closest approach to victory give a good picture of the man. In the 1959 race Baldwin had two colts with excellent prospects, Tie Silk and Diller Hanover. Silk was erratic and hard to handle. Diller was well-mannered. Baldwin kept the problem horse for himself and gave Diller to his friend Frank Ervin to drive. Ervin and Diller won, and Baldwin and Silk were second.

It seems almost too pat to be true, but the only driver conceded a real chance to beat Ralph Baldwin this year is Frank Ervin. Ervin's entry is the filly, Cheer Honey, rugged for her sex and with a superb flight of speed. Her only apparent flaw seems to be an eagerness to step out too early in a race. In order of merit, the other contenders include Glidden Hanover, Florlis, B. F. Coaltown and Fred Walker.

Harness racing's biggest race will be distinguished this year by the nonappearance of two of the sport's top trainers and drivers, Del Miller and Billy Haughton, neither of whom has a 3-year-old worthy of the admission fee. But two others of the same rank, Johnny Simpson and Joe O'Brien, may cause some excitement. Both have the habit of turning up for a race such as The Hambletonian with a horse you never heard of but one which they have been nursing along carefully for one big killing. Their entries this year surely fall in that category. O'Brien's filly, Star Act, was impressive as a 2-year-old but has had various ailments this season and Joe has been obliged to handle her cautiously. O'Brien, the only driver to sweep trotting's Triple Crown, once won a Hambletonian heat with Little Rocky, a long-shot runt of a trotter about the size of a pony. He is always dangerous.

Simpson's entry is also a filly, Elma, who had the dimmest of prospects until she won the Breeder's Filly Stake at Springfield, Ill. on August 14. She went her final quarter in that race in 27 4 seconds, highly acceptable speed in any company. Furthermore, she is a daughter of Simpson's 1957 straight-heats Hambletonian winner, Hickory Smoke, and she has been raced very lightly on the road to Du Quoin, which certainly fits the Simpson pattern.

—ROBERT HACKETT

Hambletonian horses turn to trot past Du Quoin stands before race.

# DOWN THE BACK TO THE ARCTIC

*by* ***AUSTIN HOYT***

**Four young adventurers, the first to attempt the hazardous canoe trip in 100 years, conquer a historic river in Canada's inhospitable Barren Grounds**

AUTHOR AUSTIN HOYT

KIT GREGG

The Back River rises as a small stream near Aylmer Lake in Canada's Northwest Territories. It flows northeast for more than 600 miles through the almost treeless Barren Grounds and empties finally into an arm of the Arctic Ocean. Some 80 rapids, cascades and falls mark the Back's tortuous descent, a descent that until last year had not been traversed in its entirety since 1855.

The river got its name from Captain George Back, an intrepid Englishman who set out overland in 1834 in search of Captain John Ross. Ross had sailed from England in 1830 to seek the Northwest Passage. Called the Great Fish River by the Indians at Great Slave Lake, the Back entered the Arctic Ocean at the approximate point Ross was known to have headed toward. The fact that Ross turned up safe and sound before Back could get started did not deter him. He made the hazardous run in three weeks. Twenty-one years later another Englishman, James Anderson, became the second and last person in the 19th century to travel the length of the Back. Chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, he led a party in search of the ill-fated Franklin expedition, lost too as it sought a navigable Northwest Passage.

Last year, intrigued by Back's description of the river that bore his name, the author, a newspaper reporter from Buffalo, embarked with three companions to duplicate the two earlier descents. This is Hoyt's diary of the four men's adventures on a dangerous and all but impassable river.

The Indians at Yellowknife by 1962 knew nothing of the river. And the white men knew even less; they could tell us only to pan gold and take along heartburn pills. One man, however, dared to take us the 300 miles to the river's source with our canoes and gear—an exceptionally heavy load for a small plane. The man was Chuck McAvoy. His plane was a 1938 Fairchild.

We left Yellowknife Bay at 10 o'clock the night of July 12. The two canoes were lashed underneath the plane. In the cabin were the four of us and Chuck, our six packs and our diversion and scapegoat for moments of trial, a ratty Indian dog.

With a deafening roar, the old clunker headed north for Aylmer Lake. The four years in which the idea of descending the Back River had been simmering in my mind, the last few months of rounding up a crew and dried food, the tedious job of packing everything in polyethylene bags and the 3,300-mile drive from Buffalo to Edmonton and up the Mackenzie Highway to Yellowknife—all this was over now. For three hours we sat on the packs crammed in the plane's cabin and peered out at the barrens, the vast desert of rock and water, where we would spend the next seven weeks.

"If you want to see caribou and muskox in the barrens, take the Back River,"

the prospector I had met in northern Manitoba four years ago had said. And more than 100 years ago Captain Back had written of rapids on the Great Fish River that "foamed and boiled, and rushed with impetuous and deadly fury." He wrote of Rock Rapids, Muskox Rapids, Hawk Rapids, Escape Rapids, Wolf Rapids, Whirlpool Rapids and scores of others. The justice of the peace in Yellowknife had told us please not to drown, because he would have to identify our bodies.

I thought of the letter from Superintendent Fraser of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's "G" Division, in charge of the Arctic. The bugs would be almost unbearable, the rapids and portages impossible, and our trip without guides and equipment procured in the north would be foolhardy.

There is not a guide alive who has set foot on more than a few miles of the river. As for equipment, the Hudson's Bay Company in Edmonton is fully stocked with tartan ice buckets and sailboats. But they did not have a good collapsible frying pan and never heard of a tumpline [a forehead or chest strap used for pack carrying].

I stared out into the twilight that had fallen over the barrens. We were over the Lockhart River. The flecks of white marking the rapids looked so benign, and then I remembered the last person I had heard of to lead a canoe party into the barrens. Seven years ago, and south of where we were to start, Arthur Moffatt's party (SI, March 9, 1959) left its leader buried in this desolate land.

Although we had never tripped together, I had confidence the four of us would reach the sea. Tracy Perry, next to McAvoy in the cockpit, had guided in Timagami, Ontario and had descended the Mattagami with me in 1960. He was the first to sign up. Straddling a pack next to me was John Lentz, whom Perry and I had known as a camper and guide in Timagami. John is a banker, but it did not take him long to decide to uproot for the summer. We would need his conservative judgments. Kit Gregg perched in the back of the cabin, studying maps.

JOHN LENTZ

TRACY PERRY

Kit had splashed around in a canoe on the Charles River in Cambridge, Mass. for a couple of afternoons before we left, had never handled white water. But he had rowed for Harvard, was a veteran sailor and skied Suicide Six at Woodstock, Vt. like a snowbound Captain Ahab. So along he came.

I wondered again what right I had to drag these three 615 miles across the barrens to the Arctic Ocean, and the problems of past summer ventures flashed through my mind: 1957—Otter Rapids of Abitibi River near James Bay, the food pack slides over a falls, the paddles disappear among the foam of a whirlpool, we trudge to the railroad; 1958—second day of a grand descent of the Churchill River to Hudson Bay, canoe destroyed, trip leader leaves to live with the Indians, again we retreat to the tracks; 1959—South Nahanni River, north of Canadian Rockies, kayak flips six times, we eat too rare bear steaks and end up in the hospital with trichinosis.

We would just have to be more careful on this trip. There would be no railroads and no kindly nuns running bush hospitals. As the Head Mountie had written, "There is absolutely no one between the eastern end of Great Slave Lake and the arctic coast in the direction of Back River—no trappers, travelers or traders."

Why would we, for pleasure, chance fate in a country where a broken leg, a capsized canoe or an encounter with a grizzly might mean disaster, where the only relief from bugs is a frost or chilling arctic wind and where wet moss is often the only fuel? Most who travel for pleasure seek beauty of some sort. But there is little beauty here on this vast expanse of sterile tundra. The canoeist does not primarily seek scenic beauty; his satisfaction is derived from his relation to the river, from the exciting gamble of making the run down the white water rather than trudging over a tedious portage.

It was a dusky one in the morning when Chuck landed on the north end of Aylmer Lake and pulled up to an uninviting patch of muskeg in Sandhill Bay. We reconfirmed our pickup for August 28 on the coast of the Arctic Ocean and watched Chuck take off in his rickety plane and fade away south.

**JULY 13.** We made our first portage this morning, climbing the low hills above Sandhill Bay and making our way across the treeless land to the modest beginning of the Back River. Our dog apparently didn't like us much. He bounded off across the tundra in chase of a caribou, and that was the last we saw of him.

*For the next two days, where Back had portaged for four miles and Anderson for two, we waded, dragged and scraped over 15 rapids which, several weeks after the thaw, now ran below the boulders strewn at random on the river bed.*

**JULY 16.** We reached Muskox Lake, where we conserved energy by lashing the two canoes together side by side, stretching a poncho between two paddles

*continued*

in the bow and sailing the length of the lake. At Muskox Rapids, where Back had smashed his 30-foot boat which carried a load of 3,000 pounds, our 18-footers, with only 300 pounds of gear in each, glided safely over and around the dangerous rocks.

*It was exciting to see the river grow, nurtured by small tributaries. Kit was rapidly learning the fundamentals of white-water canoeing: to aim for the Vs pointing downstream, to avoid the smooth humps or haystacks and the Vs pointing upstream which indicate submerged rocks, and not to worry about the dramatic horsetail sprays where water curls up at the foot of a rock or ledge.*

**JULY 17.** Early this afternoon we stood on the bank discussing whether we should try to shoot down the side of a falls that foamed before us. We felt confident. We had dined well on a 15-pound lake trout, had filmed our first musk-ox and it was a gorgeous day. When John suggested he and Tracy cross the river to where it looked calm by the far bank, Tracy agreed. Kit and I watched as they set out across the current. When the orange canoe was in mid-river we noticed a fine mist rising over John's calm spot. It was a hidden falls, and we saw one end of the orange canoe rise. Suddenly it disappeared. By the time Kit and I could cross the river, unload and shoot down the far side of the falls, John and Tracy had been swept to the foot of the rapids, through another rapids and were clutching packs in the shallows of a bay half a mile downriver. After 15 minutes in the icy water John was numb and inarticulate as we flopped him into our canoe.

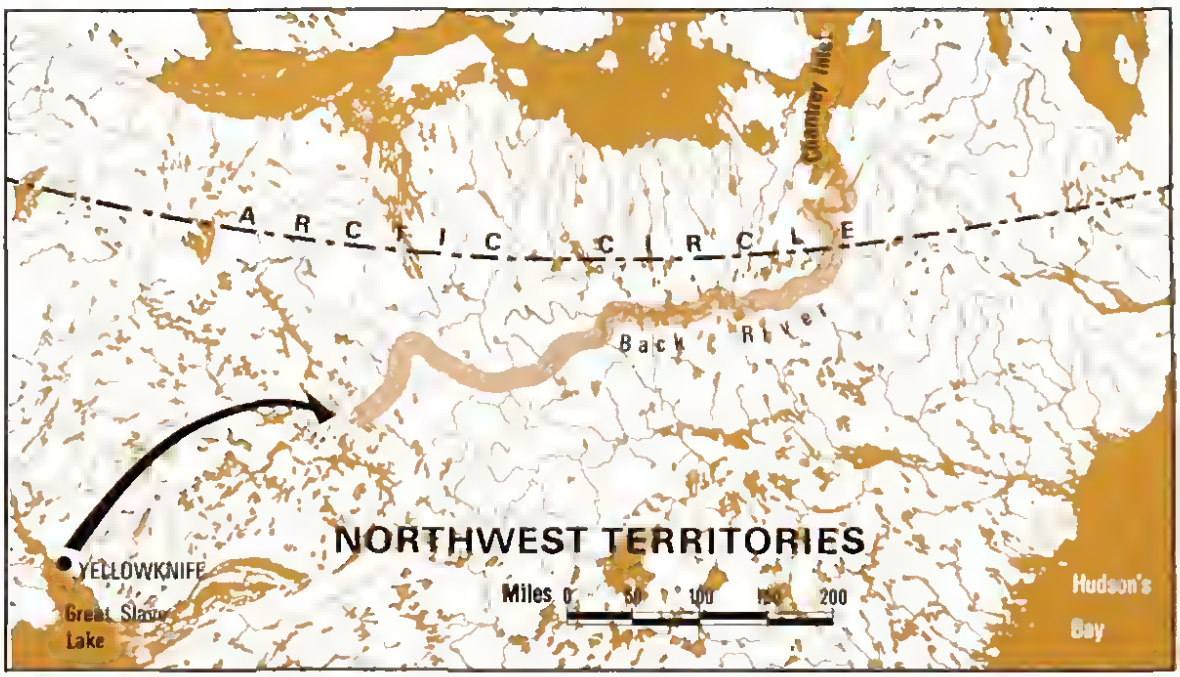
Their canoe was found back in the rapids, caught by a loose bowline and being smashed periodically against the bottom by a vertical current. By riding an eddy upriver behind a rock, Kit and I got into the rapids and then eased over to the canoe and cut the bowline. Fortunately the damage was minor; the right gunwale had been ripped off from the stern seat back.

*Things went well again for a week. The rapids became too long to investigate, but we developed a system of hugging the shore and hopping out and wading in our skin-diving dry suits around anything that looked too difficult or even marginal. There was no head wind for the 30-mile paddle down Beechey Lake, and the one-mile portage around the cascades at the foot of the lake was made efficiently in two trips for each man. Wildlife abounded. Fifteen musk-ox herding by the river bank, a black wolf sneaking along the shore and three caribou prowling through the campsite made the diversion our lost dog might have provided seem pallid. And we were hardly starving. Kit, with little or no effort, kept us supplied with fish, and when bloating was called for, we fried doughnuts and stuffed ourselves until we lay on the racks and moaned.*

**JULY 24.** Today the orange canoe broke in half. Its bad luck this time came when it struck a small rock at the edge of a minor rapids and jackknifed at the center thwart. Tracy gave it one kick and, surprisingly, it bounced back into shape. We lashed spare paddles to the split gunwales for support, had an undeserved but ego-building vat of macaroni, and once again set off for the polar sea.

**JULY 25.** If the rocks and gently rolling pastel-green tundra were looking more bleak and monotonous, our lives were not. Every day brought the excitement of an unforeseen challenge. For example, this evening Tracy and John were photographing a musk-ox browsing by the

*continued*

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shore of our campsite. Kit was inland collecting scrub willow twigs for the fire while I soaked the dried vegetables. Suddenly the musk-ox turned and charged Kit. I saw the two silhouetted on the ridge, the beast's head lowered as he bounded over the rocks and hummocks, and Kit waving his arms and bellowing like a drunken matador but holding his ground. For a few seconds it looked as if my sternman would be impaled on a long, curling horn and tossed across the barrens, but the musk-ox veered just in time and snorted on over the moss at about 30 mph.

**JULY 26.** No one budged this morning at our camp before Hawk Rapids. During the night the strong winds of a cold front had swept down from the arctic. You soon learn to tell whether headway is possible that day or whether it is worth crawling out of your sleeping bag at all from the way the tent shakes. John outslept us all by sacking in until 4 p.m. He did, however, stick a gloved hand under the tent flap for his bowl of Grape Nuts at noon.

*For a week we fought the winds and cold rain. Where the weather stopped us, we camped, often portaging inland over half-frozen muskeg to have a cup of dried beef, peanut butter and raisins (our own brand of pemmican) in the tents.*

**AUGUST 1.** Today it snowed. The rain, begun in the morning, turned to sleet and finally to a blizzard. We inched along blindly, judging from the waves that were hitting us broadside that we had turned east down Pelly Lake. Ahead lay the 70 miles of Pelly and Garry lakes, in places 20 miles wide, which made open water unavoidable. To wait for the gale to let up might mean a delay of weeks. The best we could do was hope to travel under the protection of the windward shore, but this meant crossing Pelly Lake. We decided to chance it.

Kit was petrified. From his stern seat he could see the water splash across the packs and the waves surge within an inch of the gunwales. I had no worry until I saw the orange canoe crash over the white crests and disappear into the troughs. I realized we were pushing the canoes to their limit but also appreciated how stable the Chestnut Ogilvy canoe is under the worst conditions.

**AUGUST 3.** The wind died this morning, and we plunged over the broad rollers of Garry Lake to a small island with an abandoned mission perched high on bluffs overlooking the sandy beach of a peaceful cove. Strewn about the cabin were Bibles and religious comic books in English and Eskimo, caribou bones, some household medicines and letters from Paris and arctic posts addressed to a Father Trinel. There was also a disheveled freight canoe, somewhat less seaworthy after Tracy axed out the ribs and planking to get the potbelly stove roaring. That night we washed down Spanish rice and 30 doughnuts with brandy. After the brandy, tales of the river and musk-ox charges and raging blizzards grew to heroic proportions.

**AUGUST 4.** A day of rest. We stewed an arctic hare that John had shot, brewed a chowder using greyling and cooked a large vat of beans. The brief respite allowed us to patch dry suits, mend pants, reorganize the packs and stow away firewood.

**AUGUST 5.** A Scotch mist enshrouded Garry Lake and delayed an early-morning start. As we groped our way from islands to heads of land along the irregular coastline, I thought about the tiny civilization of the missionary and his Eskimos. Along the entire length of the Mackenzie and at the estuaries of the Coppermine and Thelon rivers, and other great rivers of the Northwest Territories, small communities have grown around fur-trading settlements. But the only settlement the Back had ever known was Father Trinel's forlorn outpost.

*It was a relief to know the big lakes were behind us when we slipped into the chute draining Garry Lake. In the narrows, fish rose to our lures. After two casts with a 15-pound test line, Kit hooked one that started to drag the canoe upriver. An hour later we had maneuvered it to the shallows of a rock island and eased it onto a poncho stretched between the two canoes. When the water drained out the hole where the boy scout's head should go, we flopped a 35-pound lake trout into my bow. John had to quiet the monster with an ax. We were lucky to find enough wood to cook the fish. North of Garry Lake the gnarled willows almost vanish and, with the constant worry of another storm and the tundra becoming browner and bleaker as it stretched in silence toward the sea, we*

*continued*

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*began to experience the stark, raw threat of the barrens.*

*It was 230 miles to the Arctic Circle, 280 to the coast, and the worst rapids lay ahead. If there had been at times a remote beauty in the openness of the tundra, a sense that in the quiet, motionless expanses nothing is hidden from you, the return to the river brought again the anxious exhiloration of the unknown. At the brink of every swirling torrent came the decision: to be safe and make a portage or gamble and hazard a lightning-swift run down through the boulders, spray and waves of a rapids which, if harnessed, might light a small city.*

**AUGUST 9.** At Rock Rapids we made our second portage, 200 yards skirting the irregular ledges over which the river corkscrewed into a narrows. We waded and dragged down through the rivulets at the edge of Sinclair's Falls, and, with the bowman standing to sight the channels and the cries ringing out, "Hard to the right," "Straight as she goes," "Sweep," "Draw," "The Vs dead ahead," we plunged for miles down Escape Rapids. Where the river narrowed and surged in huge white rollers under the shadowed cliffs of the far bank, we pulled into the gentle eddy behind some boulders and carried over the broad, flat rocks.

**AUGUST 11.** The choppy, merging currents at the foot of the first Sandhill Rapids almost swamped us, and we debated wading down the second set. I convinced the others that the water was too strong and the footing too treacherous, that we would be better off in the canoes. With some luck, Kit and I bashed through, and from a calm pool below the rapids watched the orange canoe turn broadside and be slowly devoured by a standing wave. Again came the frantic rush of the rescue—the race to shore, packs thrown out and the spring back into the current, in time to greet John and Tracy as they floated by, gasping and clutching the overturned canoe.

After an hour of drying out and taking inventory (one rifle lost, one sleeping bag damp), we had to face the third Sandhill Rapids. If to me the cliffs loomed a deathly gray as the water leaped at them, to the barely thawed paddlers in the other canoe the sight must have been terrifying. With little discussion, out came the rope, and we lowered down from the bank, concentrating on one boat at a time.

**AUGUST 13.** Today another black storm front built up in the north. We were on a southeast reach of the river beyond Mt. Meadowbank. The waves were the largest we had seen in the barrens, but up went the poncho. Rollers that left us at the most precarious angles would lash against the rocky shoreline and send plumes of spray several yards in the air. Kit, with his mammoth boot draped over the stern gunwales, wondered out loud how long this sailing operation could safely continue, and always the cry greeted him, "On 'til the sail is tattered!" John and I manned the sail and discussed Heidegger, the 17th century philosopher.

**AUGUST 16.** Today we crossed the Arctic Circle. There was not much commotion there—no neon signs or anyone selling pennants—and we did not create much. It was 32° after supper, the brandy was at the bottom of a pack and no one wanted to fight for it. We just let the dishes soak and went to bed. As I rolled a smoke in the tent, I noticed that the bright afternoon sun and reflection had irritated my left eye.

**AUGUST 17.** I was only half awake this morning when we started; my left eye was blind. With the orange canoe leading and Kit making all decisions in ours, we slid down the mushrooming chute called Whirlpool Rapids and across the gentle, windless swells of Franklin Lake. We were nearing the ocean. The gulls swooped low and there was a sharp odor of fish. The three Franklin Rapids came in quick succession, and as we heard the murmur of the river's final drop, I was told that several figures were bounding over the ridge with great excitement. "Too tall for wolves, and too fast for men," someone yelled. It was apparent we were approaching the first musk-ox herd since the one we had seen just north of Beechey Lake. I saw nothing until two bronzed hands pulled the bow ashore and I sat inches away from the wild, black hair flowing over the ears of an Eskimo's long, grinning face.

Our first gesture of "hands across the barren grounds" tonight was almost a fiasco. We had not enough spaghetti to share, so Kit gave the Eskimos a bag of prunes. Tracy quickly reminded us we should be sharing what we ate, so we rescued the bag, each took a handful

of prunes and gave it back. No one had been offended. When I rolled my after-dinner smoke, I had a choice of three flaming Ronsons. The Eskimos invited us to a lunch of dried fish and tea tomorrow.

**AUGUST 21.** The morning brought the entire summer fish camp to the bank of the river for a sight these Eskimos had never seen before. Four white men in two brightly colored canoes, a full foot narrower than their freight canoes, shot down the edge of Franklin Falls and followed the low, brown hills and distant purple ridges toward the sea.

**AUGUST 22.** At noon we overturned our canoes for the last time on the beach of a small point surrounded by tidewater. Our descent of Captain Back's Great Fish River was complete.

From our final camp we could gaze out at the vast reach of Chantrey Inlet that Back had mapped in 1834, at the waters that had yielded to Anderson little sign of Franklin's tragic search for the Northwest Passage. (It is known today that in 1848 the starving and scurvy-ridden members of the Franklin expedition struggled from their icebound ships to the bottom of Chantrey Inlet, 90 miles beyond the sand dunes on our horizon. Here, in a spot known as Starvation Cove, their futile effort to reach the Back River and the great caribou herds of the barrens met its end.)

**AUGUST 26.** It was chilly this evening as we flipped our last batch of pancakes. The sunset was a dull orange bordered by patches of wintry gray and wisps of white. A thin mist settled over the sand flats and a small white cloud hovered beneath the dark outline of the ridge on the far shore. The summer is over. The geese have headed south, the Eskimos have their heavy tents up and the children have flown out to school. It is time to leave the arctic to the Eskimos.

**AUGUST 27.** Chuck landed this afternoon, a day early. He shook our hands, passed out smokes to the Eskimos and told us to get moving. It was 640 air miles to Yellowknife, and if he got in after dark the Mounties would be on his tail.

For six hours, from the warmth of the plane, I again peered down at the vast northern desert and the lakes and rapids of the river that stretched silently across it. Already I had begun to miss the bite of the wind in my face and the fury of the river. **END**

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GOLF / *Gwilym S. Brown*

# *Where is the golf course of the workers?*

**All over the place, now that smart executives have discovered that good fun can be good business**

Du Pont de Nemours, on a grand and glorious scale, does it. Strait-laced IBM, at least in the East, does it. Springs Cotton Mills does not care to discuss it, but does it. Bethlehem Steel almost pretends it does not, but does it. Texaco, with a minimum of frills, does it. And Firestone Tire & Rubber is so proud of having done it that it shows it on network television twice a year.

These companies—and 100 other large and small industrial firms like them—have contributed something of great value to this country's recreational revolution: they all support country clubs for their employees. By charging insignificant dues, these corporate golf courses have proved to be an antidote to the poisonous squeeze caused by the prodigious waits encountered at public courses and the staggering costs at private ones.

A tidy, efficient and certainly one of the most patrician of the corporate do-gooders is Firestone, proprietor of the Firestone Country Club in Akron. Tough enough to thwart the field in the 1960 PGA Championship—none of the players could shoot par for 72 holes—Firestone's course annually hosts both the $50,000 American Golf Classic, being played this week, and the $75,000 World Series of Golf, which will be played next month. Televiewers, noting the fine fairways, the large and magnificently trapped greens, the profusion of maple, oak and elm trees, the Robert Trent Jones design and the $350,000 clubhouse, might easily judge Firestone to be a plush playground for the very rich.

A look at the parking lot on a typical summer afternoon, however, puts everything into proper focus. It is filled not

**CART-PULLING WORKERS** head for superb fairways at Firestone's corporate golf course.

with Cadillacs or Thunderbirds, but with Chevies, Fords and Plymouths, almost all of which bear the sure signs of long and faithful service. Most of the members change into their golf shoes in the car and go straight to the first tee, pulling their clubs behind them on portable golf carts. The men's locker room in the clubhouse contains 400 six-foot-high lockers, but the fee is $15 a year, so only half of them are rented.

The golf course, however, is used and used. Some 70,000 rounds of golf were played on it last year. And no wonder. There is no initiation fee, and a family membership costs a modest $144 per year. Since any Firestone employee working in Akron (there are 10,000) is eligible to join, the club has a problem holding to its limit of 600 members, and those it does get are avid about taking advantage of this remarkable facility.

"When vacation comes up," says one member, "my wife and I just stay right here in Akron. We come out every day to play our course. For a golfer, that's a pretty good holiday."

Such zeal would bring joy to the late Harvey Firestone, who founded the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company in 1900. His answer to the depression in 1929 was to build one public golf course and make it available to Akron and soon after to open another for his company.

"It is healthful, invigorating exercise, and everyone should play it," he explained, when asked why he was carving up South Akron for golf at a time when a lot of the country could not afford one lost ball. He had the membership fee at his Firestone course set at $35 a year per family, and went about proving his contention that golf was not just "a rich man's game." He was one of the first to feel this way, and how right he was.

"My father thought various types of recreation should be made available to the company's employees," says Harvey's son, Raymond Firestone, an ardent horseman and onetime golfer who gets to his desk frequently enough to serve as the company's president. His attitude expresses a basic business position: what is good for a company's employees is good for the company.

In following this contention, Firestone runs a sort of sports supermarket across the street from its main plant in Akron. This contains a full-sized gymnasium, an eight-lane bowling alley, swimming pool, barber shop, dining room and cafeteria. The company also provides a pistol and rifle range, a skeet and trap shooting range and an 8,000-seat baseball and softball stadium.

But the country club, located on a hilltop within sight of Firestone's main plant, is the shiniest apple in this recreational orchard. Of its 600 members, about 125 are "clock-work" employees from the company's six Akron plants. The rest are white-collar workers, ranking from clerks to President Firestone. But when the pressure for memberships became heavy, it was the executives who moved out to ease the crush. Most of them joined Akron's Portage Country Club (initiation fee $3,150, monthly dues $48) or Fairlawn ($2,160 and $43). Neither of these clubs has a golf course to match Firestone's.

#### Just like landlord and tenant

The relationship between parent company and country club is similar to that of landlord and tenant, except in this case the landlord takes a loss. Firestone pays all taxes, insurance, renovation costs and expansion expenses. The club itself is responsible for the day-to-day costs of service and maintenance. Because membership dues are low, and because the members spend very little money in the bar or dining room—usually a country club's chief source of income—the club runs pretty deeply in the red. To cut into this deficit, its manager, Hugh Laughlin, books group luncheons, dinners, dances and golf outings that bring in up to 5,000 people a month, many of them Firestone employees who are not club members. There are, accordingly, an astounding number of rounds of golf played each year, a fact which sometimes proves a source of vexation to members who are forced off the course on such days. It is not vexatious to the Firestone company, however, because it helps to underwrite the club's deficit.

"The club does the best it can to break even," says Bill Marshall, head of Firestone's employee services division.

Has the club ever made it?

"I would rather not divulge that," says Marshall.

Because some of your stuffier stockholders might object to the lavishing of such large sums on what they would claim is frivolity? he was asked.

"I would rather not divulge that either," he says.

Cash deficits aside, the company seems to get quite a hit for its sporting investment. "Only about 50 members could afford to join another club," reports the course's ex officio president George Jackson, who is employed in Firestone's tire distribution department. "I can name, just offhand, several cases where employees came to me when they were about to switch to another company, but stayed with Firestone when I told them they'd lose their membership at the club."

Firestone personnel's Sam Filer is in a position to see another of the club's major advantages. He visits some 20 to 25 colleges each year, trying to recruit for Firestone always hard-to-hire technical personnel. "Most potential employees will ask about the club," he says, "but if they don't I make it a point to tell them."

Not surprisingly, the Firestone Country Club, through the major golf tournaments it hosts, has benefited the entire community of Akron, a manufacturing city that could hardly be called a garden spot.

"I'll tell you one thing," says husky George Brittain, the Akron Chamber of Commerce's very emphatic vice-president. "In trying to bring new industry and new people into this city, we work hard on selling our plusses. The Golf Classic and the World Series of Golf are two very important ones. Having a golf course as good as Firestone's has made those two events possible."

If Firestone is vocally proud of its country club success, other firms are far more reticent, presumably because they have not made their courses pay off with such obvious dividends.

"Our courses are only in the East," says a spokesman for IBM, which owns country clubs in Long Island, Poughkeepsie and Johnson City, N.Y. and Toronto. "I'm sure our West Coast employees don't want to hear about the eastern clubs."

Bethlehem Steel is even more modest about its company course, offering a brisk "no comment." Nor does Springs Cotton Mills care to publicize its four courses in South Carolina, the cotton business being what it is these days.

Chemicals are bullish, however, so Du Pont—which probably operates the most lavish country club setup of all—discusses its facilities with pride. The Du Pont Country Club is in Rockland, Del., some four miles from company head-

*continued*

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quarters in Wilmington. It offers two 18-hole courses, one nine-hole course, 16 quick-drying tennis courts, six alleys for lawn bowling, indoor and outdoor shuffleboard courts and a $2,720,000, pale-rose, Georgian clubhouse. This impressive structure contains, among other things, three restaurants, a ballroom big enough to handle 900 waltzing Du Pont employees and locker rooms designed to accommodate 2,176 men and 544 women. Du Pont's investment in this club and another smaller one in nearby Newark, Del. is $4,250,000. The clubs' annual budget is in excess of $1,000,000.

If these figures are staggering, so is the size of the membership. The total is just under 10,000, of whom 4,500 are signed up for the full, all-privileges membership. The cost to each member for being able to revel in this sporting paradise is $10.40 a month for men, $6.50 for women and $2.60 for children.

"We like to keep Rockland lighted up like Madison Square Garden," says club president Bob Weaver, an office manager in Du Pont's textile fibers department. "With a lot of dances and dinners we can come close to breaking even. Last year we cleared $1,400."

"The fact that the club has such a large membership," says a Du Pont company official, "indicates clearly that it fills a need that is not met by municipal or county facilities."

Not many of the corporate clubs can fill the need on such a large and luxurious scale. As maintenance costs have risen, several such courses, like the Texaco Country Club in Houston, have gone on a semipublic basis, in which nonmembers can play the course simply by paying a modest greens fee.

Still, from the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, with its 4-hole Pisgah Forest, N.C., course, to the Surprenant Manufacturing Company in Bolton, Mass., which operates an 8,000-yard monster, the companies with golf courses are keeping them, and others are building them fast. Things have come a long way from 1919, when Social Crusader Sarah Cleghorn wrote:

*The golf links lie so near the mill*
*That almost every day*
*The laboring children can look out*
*And see the men at play.*

Now the children are on the golf course, and so are their parents and so is the owner of the mill. **END**

BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

# *Passing with a purpose*

The latest craze at New York's famous Cavendish Club —newer even than Password, which the bridge addicts play for stakes in the club anteroom—is the team-of-four contest. Instead of forming two tables for regular rubber bridge, eight players choose up sides for a team match. The resulting lineups are the same kind of mélange of expert and not-so-expert that used to develop when you chose up sides for a neighborhood baseball game in a vacant lot. The results are often just about as wild. A match is 12 hands and, although the stakes—which average $3 a point—sound high, the game is rarely more expensive than rubber bridge played at the club's customary 2¢ or 3¢ *a point. The reason is that the team games are scored* in International Match Points, which translate big swings into small numbers. But not even IMPs could minimize the cost of this recent deal.

*Both sides vulnerable*
*East dealer*

| EAST | SOUTH | WEST | NORTH |
|---|---|---|---|
| PASS | 1 ♥ | PASS | 2 ♦ |
| 4 ♠ | 5 ♦ | 5 ♠ | 6 ♥ |
| 5 ♠ | PASS | PASS | 7 ♦ |
| PASS | 7 ♥ | DOUBLE | PASS |
| PASS | PASS | | |

*Opening lead: ace of clubs*

South's pass of the six-spade bid was that rarity, a weak-sounding bid that is actually strong. In this kind of auction, where North-South appeared to have the stronger hands, South's pass was forcing. Had he held a losing spade in his hand, South would have been obliged to double six spades; his pass virtually announced his spade void and left it to partner whether to bid the grand slam or double.

North's seven-diamond bid was best with his hand. He knew his side controlled the first round of every suit, but he was not sure the hearts were solid. Had South held better clubs and less solid hearts, there was a possibility *North could discard heart losers on whatever club strength* South could offer. However, it was West who had the club strength, and he doubled South's correction of the contract to seven hearts because he thought the club ace would win a defensive trick. The club ace failed to live, and 13 tricks at hearts was a laydown. Honors don't count, but North-South had scored 2,470 points.

Meanwhile, their teammates at the other table were doing nearly as well. The bidding there went:

| EAST | SOUTH | WEST | NORTH |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 ♠ | 4 N.T. | DOUBLE | PASS |
| PASS | 5 ♥ | 5 ♠ | 5 ♥ |
| 6 ♠ | PASS | PASS | DOUBLE |
| PASS | PASS | PASS | |

*Opening lead: king of hearts*

East violated a principle that the dealer at the other table had observed: he opened with a preemptive bid in spite of holding a two-suited hand. But thanks to considerable cooperation from North, it worked out to a big profit. South's four-no-trump bid was a powerful demand. West's double was a questionable tactic, he might better have bid five spades. But this, too, worked well when North did not bid five diamonds.

South's pass of six spades was forcing. North now had a chance to bid seven diamonds or seven hearts. Instead, he doubled. The six-spade contract was beatable if South had found the club opening. When he opened a heart, however, East ruffed, drew trumps and made all 13 tricks. The team total yielded 24 IMPs, the maximum for any hand. At $3 an IMP, this cost each loser $72.

**EXTRA TRICK**

When you have bid strongly, a pass of a very high bid by the opponents is a forcing pass, but if partner's next bid would put you in a grand slam, you must have first-round control of the opponents' suit. **END**

BASEBALL / *Robert Creamer*

# *Crossing the Delaware with Alvin Dark*

**His intensity irritates his critics, but the manager of the Giants has a mission: victory**

During a ball game Alvin Dark of the San Francisco Giants stands erect in the front of the dugout with one foot up on the steps. He stays in that position most of the game, his eyes intent on the action, his face stern and serious. A good part of the time his arms are folded across his chest. San Francisco sportswriters say that he looks like Washington crossing the Delaware, and in their facetious comment is a cutting edge of sarcasm; they imply that Dark not only looks like Washington crossing the Delaware, he thinks he *is* Washington crossing the Delaware.

The sarcasm is inspired by Dark's nature, which is dedicated and intense and totally committed to success. When he became manager of the Giants after their chaotic fifth-place finish in 1960, he had had no experience whatever as a manager or even as a coach. But he took over as though the job had been waiting for him all his life. It was more than confidence, or at least more than a matter of confidence outweighing doubts. Dark had no doubts, only an eagerness to get going. Washington probably felt the same way when he assumed his first important military command.

Dark is an orthodox manager, but, like Leo Durocher (for whom he played and whose managerial methods he admires), he likes the tactical ploy, the immediate maneuver that puts the opponent on the defensive. His competitive poise gives the impression that he feels whatever he does is right, whether it actually works or not. Because of this confidence—or arrogance, if you are an anti-Dark man—his critics delight in gigging him when he is wrong. But not to his face, never to his face, for Dark can be as cold and disdainful as Charles de Gaulle when he is asked to explain why he chose to do a certain thing. Off the field Alvin is polite and considerate. On the field, in his dugout, in his clubhouse, he is the *grand seigneur*, an absolute ruler. He welcomes journalists, but he endures their eternal investigations of his methods and motives with thinly disguised contempt.

"The hardest thing about managing is dealing with sportswriters," he said last week. "Some of them do a hard day's work, and they report the game and they give their readers a story. But others—honestly, you'd think after watching baseball every day they'd understand more about the game. They always seem to be looking for something that isn't there. I used Willie Mays at shortstop late in one game for one inning. I used him because I had almost nobody left on the bench, and by switching Mays to short I could save a pinch hitter for the next inning. Willie fools around the infield in practice, and I knew he could handle himself there. That's all there was to it; I played Mays at short because I'd run out of players. But that was too simple. Someone wanted to know if I did it for publicity.

"The one thing you know when you're a manager is that someday you're going to be fired. It has to happen. Every man who ever managed was fired sooner or later, unless he owned part of the club. But you can't manage with that in your mind. You can't be diplomatic and worry about criticism. You have to assume that you will continue to manage. I know that someday I will be fired, but even so I don't *expect* to be. I expect to be a manager the rest of my working life. I like running a ball club. It's what I want to do.

"What they don't understand is that what you do in a game is governed by what your personnel can do and by what the game situation is. I've been criticized for not bunting enough. Well the reason you bunt is to try to score one run. I've got Mays and McCovey and Cepeda and Bailey and Haller and Alou. They're

home run hitters. With home run hitters, you don't play for one run. Oh, late in a game you do, or against pitchers like Koufax or Drysdale. But generally you don't. I don't worry if we go two or three runs behind early in a game. A home run with a man on base closes that up fast, and home runs can give you a big inning."

Though Dark's home run hitters are the hallmark of his team, they give it an appearance of strength that is deceptive. Last year, after the Dodgers lost the pennant to the Giants in a post-season playoff, Fresco Thompson of the Dodger front office defended the collapsible Los Angeles pot by calling the San Francisco kettle just as bad. With their players, Fresco said, the Giants should have won by six games. And just last week Harry Craft of the Houston Colts said, "The Giants should be 15 games ahead. They have the best personnel in the league." Unlike Thompson and Craft, Dark holds no illusions about the Giants' overall ability. He is aware that in August his pitching staff stood fourth in the league in earned run average, fifth in runs allowed and ninth in shutouts, that his fielders were ninth in assists, 10th in double plays and sixth in fielding percentage. He was also aware that his hitters, while an overwhelming first in home runs, were 10th in triples, sixth in doubles and only third in scoring runs. Dark, who can be an adroit as well as a reluctant talker, would not be drawn into a rebuttal of Thompson and Craft, but he did say, smiling, "Maybe they've been watching us in batting practice."

Except for Juan Marichal, the best right-handed pitcher in baseball, and Billy O'Dell, San Francisco's starting pitchers have been unimpressive —and that includes Jack Sanford, a 24-game winner last year but this season a struggler trying to get his won-lost percentage over .500. There are half a dozen relievers in the San Francisco bullpen—Billy Pierce, Jim Duffalo, Don Larsen, Billy Hoeft, Jack Fisher, Bob Bolin—but quantity does not necessarily connote quality. Nowhere in the bullpen is there a Dick Radatz, a Ron Perranoski, a stopper.

The Giant infield is a shattered remnant of last year's. Only Orlando Cepeda is approximating his 1962 performance. Chuck Hiller's batting aver-

continued

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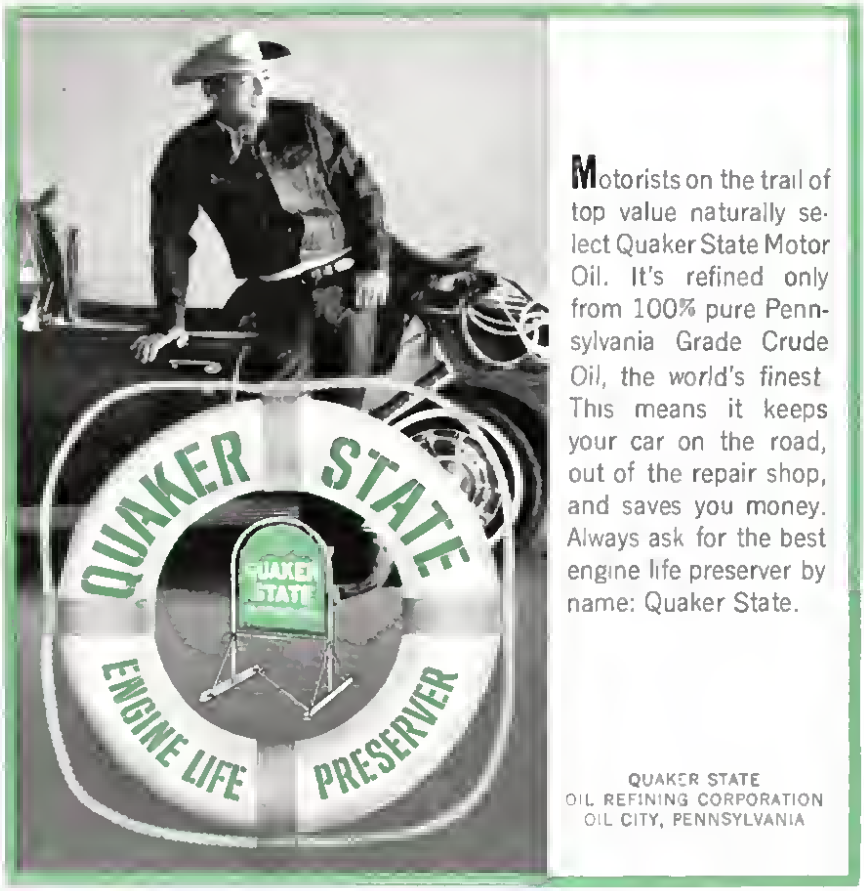


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age was down from .276 to .206 as of last week. Jose Pagan was hobbled by a muscle injury and was hitting .231. Jim Davenport was down from .297 to .253. Ernie Bowman, who fills in for Pagan at short, is a .200 hitter. It is a sorry infield for a pennant contender.

Yet Dark believes he will win. He does not delude himself about his team, but neither can he conceive of losing. He is like the Yankees. Victory is his right, and defeat is an accident.

As the pennant tide rolled in and out last week, shortening the Dodger lead to three games, lengthening it to six, Dark said, "The race isn't settled by a long shot. There's a lot of time left, and you can gain or lose ground awfully fast. We have an advantage because we play most of our games at home from now on. That helps our pitching because we have only one doubleheader at Candlestick the rest of the season.

"Look. Each of the contenders has something special going for them. The Dodgers have those three big pitchers; they can shut you out three days in a row. The Cardinals have lots of hitting, the kind that keeps a rally going. The Reds have six good starters, and that's a big thing to have going down the stretch. We have Marichal and the home runs. But we have something else. We have Willie Mays. And Willie is the difference."

Dark is rapturous on the subject of Mays. "When I came to San Francisco I was determined that the first thing I would do is make people there realize how great Willie is. They didn't take to him at first. He was New York's, and they went instead for the new young players that developed in San Francisco, like Orlando Cepeda. Well, that's only natural—Orlando is great, a real bulldog, he'd play every inning every day if you'd let him—but what they didn't understand for a long time is that Willie is in a class by himself.

"They know it now. There is no one close to Mays. When he's on a hitting tear, like he's been this last month, everyone says he's the most exciting player in baseball. Well, I think he's the most exciting player even when he isn't hitting—he's still just as great in the field, he's still just as great on the bases. Willie is so much a part of every game. His reaction to any situation is instant. And he's the reason we're going to win." **END**

**JIM CLARK**

*continued from page 19*

and another, at 200 miles, on Thursday. He drove Mercury stockers, built by a division of Ford Motor Co., but this did not mean that he had gotten soft on the Fords. He is still an Offy man through and through. He already had tried to analyze the probabilities.

"I feel," he said, "that the Lotus-Fords have a better chassis than ours *for this track. Our roadsters are designed* for Indy, and they're not just right for Milwaukee, probably not much better than the old dirt-track cars.

"I think the Lotuses may be fastest in practice and in the race for a little while, but I feel that after a few laps we'll get ahead of them. They have been practicing. We haven't. It will take us time to get warmed up.

"If the Lotuses can do laps in the low 33s and high 32s, then I would say they can run away from us. But if they are in the high 33s and the low 34s, I think it will be a good race."

While Jones analyzed, Clark, finished with his practice laps, looked at caged circus tigers sitting in the racetrack infield. "Does a lot of walking, this bloke," he said. "Hello, puttycat." "G-R-R-R," said one tiger, a large and restless animal who showed fine strong teeth from behind the bars of his cage. "Oh, oh, he's getting upset," said Clark, walking away.

And so were the Offenhauser men. Parnelli Jones's preface prophecy proved to be 50% correct. In trials Clark won the pole with a lap time of 32.930 seconds, and Gurney won the spot next to him at the head of the starting lineup with 33.094. Only two Offenhausers—Foyt's and Jones's—broke 34 seconds. In the race, unfortunately, Parnelli never got going. He had faulty brakes from the start and finally sputtered into the pits at about the one-quarter mark.

Clark was not even remotely threatened and looked as cool as a man in church. But Gurney had to work. First Foyt struggled past him after an unnerving duel in which they once scraped wheels while racing side by side. And, toward the end, Ward charged hard at Gurney but failed to take third place from him. After Clark finished at a record average speed of 104.48 mph, Colin Chapman cast a thoughtful look at Foyt's coasting, fuelless car. "One more lap and we'd have had first *and* second," he said. "Oh well, we mustn't be greedy." **END**

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# On the Trail of a Hero

**Anyone who spends a day on the road with Mickey Mantle makes this unhappy discovery: playing baseball for the Yankees is the easiest thing he does**

**BY ED GRAHAM**

At 9 p.m. Saturday night, July 13, the first knots of Mickey Mantle fans began to form in the lobby of the Kansas City airport. Word was buzzing that the New York Yankees' plane would not arrive from Los Angeles until just before midnight. Most of the well-wishers were kids from 9 to 12 years old, but some clutched the hands of younger brothers and sisters less than 3. As the crowd grew, I noticed that most of the kids had pens and pieces of ruled paper clutched in their hands. I began setting up my flash equipment. A girl asked me if I was going to take pictures of Mickey Mantle. "Yes," I said.

Had I ever met him personally, she asked? I guessed her age at 10. "Yes," I said. "But only once."

Could she have *my* autograph? I thought she was kidding, but she was not. A small boy wanted me to sign on the same folded piece of paper where he already had "Jerry Lumpe," "Ed Charles," and "Norm Siebern," all Kansas City players. I told him I'd spoil the page. "But you've met Mickey Mantle," he said. "What's he really like?"

"A very nice fellow," I answered. But secretly I was not sure. I had only met him for a few minutes to get his permission to follow him for one full 24-hour period. But it was a disturbing few minutes.

For one thing, I was ready to like him because I am a Mickey Mantle fan. In fact, I am such a fan that when I wrote to the Yankee office—outlining my idea for a story—I didn't care if I sold it or not. Not that I told that to the Yankees. My secret ambition to meet the Yankees personally had started at just about the same age as that of the fans now clustered in the airport. For 24 years I waited for it to go away, but it never did. So I looked up the name of the public relations director for the Yankees and sent him a letter suggesting I do a story on "A Day in the Life of Mickey Mantle." I was stunned when, two months later, I got a phone call saying the idea had been discussed with Mickey, and now Mickey himself wanted to discuss it further with me. If I never got any farther than a talk with Mickey Mantle—so what? What more did life have to offer anyway?

The meeting was set for a day in late June. It was the day that Mantle flew to New York to have the cast removed from his broken foot. I sat waiting in his dressing cubicle at Yankee Stadium and stared at the famous pinstriped shirt hanging above me with an actual number 7 on the back. It really existed! And there hung his mitt with M-A-N-T-L-E scribbled in indelible ink on the back. I wondered why some younger player like Phil Linz didn't steal it and take it home and keep it in his drawer. Then Mantle himself limped in on aluminum crutches, with reporters, photographers and radio interviewers all around him. I overheard one reporter ask Mickey if he'd heard the big news. For the first time in history Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick was going to name an "honorary" member to the All-Star team. Although Mantle couldn't play, he'd still be an official member of the 1963 American League team. I was glad for Mantle, and I expected him to let out a whoop of excite-

*Ed Graham is the advertising man who invented TV's Bert and Harry Piel and who used a laundry "press" card and a $20 camera to cover spring training in Sports Illustrated's March 13, 1963 issue.*

ment. But instead he drooped. "Does that mean I have to go?" he asked.

I was silently outraged. To think that only moments before I had idolized this travesty of an American hero! What I did not realize was why Mantle drooped. Now I do. Watching what he goes through during one 24-hour period on the road made me realize that playing ball is the easiest part of it.

But back to my "fallen idol" stage. When I asked Mantle if I could follow him for 24 hours, eat with him, travel with him, take pictures of him and perhaps see if I could get a story based on a typical day in his life, he drooped at that, too. He didn't say no point-blank—perhaps because the Yankee office might have asked him not to. But I had the definite feeling he wished I'd go away.

"Maybe Kainsas Cihty," he said in the voice I always assumed Li'l Abner spoke with. "We'll be thair for a doublehayder in the middle of July." Kansas City in the middle of July! This must be one of his hucolic jokes—and with a touch of meanness, I thought. Well, if he's going to make it rough on me, I'll show him I can take it. "O.K.," I said, "but no chickening out after I get there." "I won't," he said.

Now a rumor swept the airport lobby that the Yankee plane was about to land at Gate 2. A bus was already out on the field waiting to spirit the players away. Even at midnight in Kansas City, obviously a mob was anticipated.

The crowd rushed to Gate 2. After one person showed it could be done, we all poured through the gate and onto the airfield itself. Soon a light appeared in the west. It drew closer. A searchlight flicked on. With a roar the "Yankee Special" touched down and taxied to within 50 feet of us. A ramp was rolled up, the door burst open and down streamed the ballplayers, Cletis Boyer first. Swiftly they moved through a gauntlet of fans which extended from the base of the plane ramp to the door of the bus. The first Yankees signed autographs as they moved rapidly along.

WHEREVER HE IS CAUGHT, MANTLE SIGNS

Then Mantle appeared at the door of the plane. His crutches were gone now. As he came down, there was only a faint trace of the limp. A cheer went up. The gauntlet dissolved to re-form in a circle at the base of the ramp. It swallowed Mantle up. He too began to sign, but the size of the crowd made it impossible for him to move as rapidly as the others. I noticed that his first autograph was for the boy with the piece of ruled paper that boasted "Jerry Lumpe," "Ed Charles," "Norm Siebern"—and almost me.

Finally Mantle made it to the bus. The mass formed up again outside his window and began thrusting things in at him. He signed them quickly and seriously. I noticed that he was very much at ease with the kids. He admonished one who thrust the same piece of paper back in for a second autograph. Once he noted that a hand reaching for a ball he had just autographed was not the same hand that had thrust it at him in the first place. Suddenly there were loud shouts of "Look out!" "Stand back now!" "This bus is leaving!" The engine was gunned. The crowd shrieked and scattered, and the world champion baseball team rolled off into the night.

I took a cab to the Muehlebach Hotel in downtown Kansas City and beat the bus there. It took Mantle 10 minutes to work his way through the packed lobby, and then 15 minutes to pick up his keys. The jostling at the big, brown desk reminded me of pictures I had seen of the crowds fighting near tellers' windows when banks went broke during the Depression.

By 1:30 a.m. it was all over. The players were on the sixth floor, Mantle and Ford in adjoining suites with an open door between. I was on the seventh floor with Manager Houk, the coaches, other members of the press and the radio and TV crew. The phone operator would not ring Mantle's room. But through Whitey Ford, who acts as his social secretary, I made a date for the next morning at 10.

I am one of the world's easiest sleepers. But this night I lay awake the way I used to as a boy on Christmas Eve, wishing for the daylight. Also my pillow was very small (not much bigger than Ford's resin bag). And, furthermore, fate had placed me in an adjoining suite to Mel Allen. Our connecting door remained locked, but his voice carried. At home when the "Voice of the Yankees" grows too loud I can turn down the volume knob. But this night there was no knob to turn.

At exactly 10 a.m. (I had been hovering in the hall outside) I knocked on the door of Room 638. Mantle opened

*continued*

it. He was wearing a pair of Bermuda-length jockey shorts that said M-A-N-T-L-E in an undignified stencil on the rear. When he saw my camera, he pulled on a pair of blue slacks and a blue polo shirt. There was a table with his breakfast in the center of the room. He asked if he could order me something. I was tempted to say, "Yes, I want to start my day with the same energy-packed breakfast that Mickey Mantle eats." But then I wouldn't have been able to take pictures.

What is the breakfast that Mickey Mantle eats? If you'd asked me to guess I think I would have said, "A sirloin steak, 11 flapjacks, four fried eggs and a pound of link sausages." But I was shocked to see that in reality he was eating a piece of melon, a tiny box of cereal (from one of those 10-pack assortments) and coffee.

Our talking must have awakened Whitey Ford. I looked up to see the pitcher with the highest won-lost percentage of all time stumble sleepily through the connecting door in a pair of blue silk pajamas. He took a bite of Mantle's melon, and studied it like a wine taster. "Pretty good Cranshaw," he said and went to the phone to place an order himself.

"Do you always eat in your room?" I asked Mantle.

"He doesn't get to eat much if he goes downstairs," Ford answered.

The phone rang, and Mantle answered it. He said, "Hello," then listened for what seemed a long time. "Well, I'll sign at the door," he said. "But they can't come in. It's Room 638." As Mantle hung up, Whitey Ford asked, "Who was that?" His tone indicated the great pitcher sensed trouble. Like any Yankee fan, I knew that Ford relied on an uncanny ability to outthink his opponents. Now I was seeing a touch of it here in the room.

"It was a fella," Mantle answered. "Said he's a friend of my brother Frank's. And he's got a couple of kids with him."

"You don't have a brother Frank," Ford said. Was this an old Abbott and Costello act they were putting on for my benefit? "I know I don't," Mickey said. "I figured the fella'd be embarrassed in front of the two kids and all."

There was a knock at the door. Mantle opened it and greeted a man with two boys who wore Yankee caps. Each got an autograph and a handshake. Then the man led them away. Breakfast was resumed.

Within five minutes it struck. First screams down the hall. Then the tread of fast-running feet. The words "Room 638" could be heard amid the babble. Then suddenly there was pounding on the door. It grew more furious. Occasional bodies hurled themselves at the door. We actually seemed to be living a scene from Hitchcock's *The Birds* —the one in which millions of the tiny creatures pecked and hurled themselves at a door until they splintered the wood, burst through and pecked out the eyes of their victims inside.

I opened Ford's door and told the kids they would have to leave. They ignored me. I told them Mantle's room was

MANTLE, FORD BREAKFAST BEFORE THE STORM

738 (Mel Allen's). But they did not believe me. Some had fallen to the floor and were peeking under the door. "I can see his shoes!" one boy called up triumphantly. "Yeah, and they're moving!" another shouted.

Perhaps because they decided it couldn't be any worse, Mantle and Ford decided to join their teammates in the coffee shop. After all, they had to go downstairs sometime. After a harrowing elevator ride—definitely over capacity —we reached the lobby. The scene there reminded me of another movie. It was one in which American families fought with each other to leave Manila in 1941.

Inside the coffee shop there was comparative relief. Anyone not eating was not allowed inside. But a boy whose chair was back to back with Mantle's stopped his own breakfast to stand up and breathe over the star's shoulder. A lady with a Polaroid camera asked Mantle to pose with his cup not in front of his face. And would Ford please get up because he was blocking the view?

Outside, word was now going around that Mantle would soon be coming out the coffee shop door, and the biggest crowd yet began to form. Ralph Terry told Mantle and Ford that the bus was loading. The two of them plunged off into the sea of people—Ford in front, attempting to part it, with less spectacular results than Moses.

Inside the bus Mantle signed more autographs for the hands that reached inside the window. I clocked him at 12 autographs per minute. He signed for about 20 minutes. That would be 240 autographs outside the Muehlebach. I figured that he must sign over 1,000 a day. My wife says she'd sign a lot of autographs for $100,000 a year, and so would I. But then I remember the time I had to write, "I will not talk in class," only 25 times on the blackboard. My hand still aches. Could I have done it every day both on entering and leaving class and before and after

recess? And while sitting around listening to *The Shadow?*

Riding to the park, Mantle and I talked about his personal feelings toward the public adulation he receives. "These are nice kids here in Kansas City," he said, "I just wish there weren't so many of them." I wondered if he was just saying that so I would play him up as a kid lover. But he named another city where the kids do not affect him as warmly.

"After all these years have you been able to adjust to the crowds, at least to a point where you can have some privacy?" I asked him.

"No," he said, and there was a wistful quality about the way he said it. There are moments when he smiles a very natural smile—not at all like the pictures you usually see of him. In those moments I found myself wishing things would go better for him—fewer worries, fewer injuries, more time to relax and enjoy the money he makes.

"Do you ever wish you could be a nonfamous guy like me and just walk around and do some special thing without people bothering you?"

He looked at me. "Have you got any kids?" he asked. I told him yes, two boys. "You ever hear of the Six Flags Over Texas place?" he asked. "No," I said.

"It's like Disneyland, only near Dallas," he explained. "My boys, they love it, you know? Merlyn, my wife, has to take them there alone. Just once I'd like to be able to go and watch them on those rides."

The doubleheader with Kansas City had been sold out weeks in advance. When Mantle came out of the dressing room and into the dugout he was besieged by men who wanted special autographs and pictures. Even while thinking, "Why don't they leave him alone?" I found myself asking him to pose with a special greeting sign for one of my boys. He was nice about it. So to show my gratitude I took further advantage of him. Would he come out of the dugout for a picture of the two of us together on the field? (My neighbor, who bores me with his sales achievements at Lily-Tulip Cup company, would faint.) Another man agreed to take the picture with my camera, and I tried to think of something to do. "Feel my muscles," I said, rolling up my sleeves. Mantle feeling *my* muscles seemed like a funny idea to me, since he's certainly the strongest man since Samson. I assumed he'd snicker at my comparatively puny arm. But Mickey Mantle is not a guy for the type of joke where a person says one thing and means another. He took me at my word and felt my arm. "You know, that's pretty strong," he said. Now I was embarrassed. I decided to push the humor to such an extent it would be more apparent.

"I'd challenge you to an Indian hand-wrestling contest," I said, "but I'd probably pin you so fast it would injure you and you'd be out the whole season."

"You know who you ought to challenge?" he said. "Dick Stuart. He's the world champion. At least he says he is."

We talked of other strong ball players, and I reminded him that people have said he's the only active player with a chance to hit a ball over the upper facade at Yankee Stadium. He had hit just below the top of the right-field facade a week before he broke his foot.

"You know something?" he said. "I always called those things 'fah-kaids.' "

I don't mean to imply that Mickey Mantle is stupid. He's not. But he seems to want to cling to the country-boy side of himself. I had thought of the big stars of the game as men who grow aloof and seek the special dignity befitting their positions. Joe DiMaggio seemed to become a sophisticated New Yorker—a smooth, big-city hero. But not Mickey Mantle. He told me it still bothers him when he hits a home run in New York and eight people show up with the ball to get it autographed.

Jerry Coleman, the ex-Yankee second baseman turned broadcaster, has described Mantle as "the biggest name in show business—bigger than Elizabeth Taylor." Yet I noticed that when a voice pipes out from the stands, "Hey, Mickey! Turn around!" he does. He assumes it is a friend calling. At least he assumed it in Kansas City.

Photographs by Ed Graham

THE SIGHT OF MICKEY'S SHOES IS A TRIUMPH

By the time the Yankees took batting practice, the stands were pretty well filled. Elston Howard knocked a ball over the left-field fence. There was a smattering of applause. Johnny Blanchard put one over the right-field fence and scattered the sheep that graze on the hill beyond. More applause. Joe Pepitone hit two out of the park. He stepped out of the cage, delighted. Like all fans, I am a fair-weather friend. So I dropped Mantle and began complimenting Pepitone on his power.

"Mickey kids me about this park," he said. "We opened

*continued*

here and when I got a homer I told him I was going to be the first person in history to hit 162 home runs in one season. Now he won't let me forget it."

Bobby Richardson stepped out of the cage and Mantle went in. Suddenly there was a different sound in the stands. On the first pitch Mantle pushed a bunt. Tony Kubek, standing near by with his bat, rushed in front of the cage and bunted the ball back at Mantle. Mantle picked up the ball and threw it at Kubek. As the next pitch came in, Yogi Berra threw his bat at it from outside the cage so it passed across Mantle's line of vision as he swung. The ball went over the hill where the sheep graze and disappeared completely. I dropped Joe Pepitone immediately. Mantle hit six of the next seven pitches out of the park, all of them farther than any of the other drives hit that day. During this display the crowd reacted with the particular sound I associate with people watching fireworks displays on the Fourth of July.

As the ball would head out they'd go "oooooooooh." Then as it passed over the Cyclone Fence they'd change to "ohhhhhhhh!" Then as it left the park altogether they'd switch to "Ahhhhhhhh!" mingled with applause. By that time the next one would already be on its way.

As Mantle came out of the cage, Pepitone tried a joke. "Will you ever realize your potential?" he asked. It was obvious that he is a Mickey Mantle fan too.

Unlike some teams, the Yankees are a very close group. It is Mantle who is the cohesive force. Although Ford is his personal pal, Whitey does not monopolize him on the bench. Mantle has as many upper-arm punches for Phil Linz as he does for Yogi Berra. If someone like Joe Pepitone strikes out, Mantle moves over and sits with him when he trots back. Soon you see the two of them laughing.

Just before the first game young Tom Tresh, who had been in a minor slump, was the target of some Mantle roughhousing. He went on to hit two home runs. I don't know if there was a connection or not, but at the time Tresh looked as proud to have been sitting next to Mickey Mantle as I was.

THE AUTHOR POSES FOR HIS SOUVENIR PICTURE

BOYER, MANTLE KID POWERFUL PEPITONE (25)

Between the two games Mantle took a whirlpool bath. It seemed like a spot to relax. Instead, the time was assigned to answering written requests for autographed pictures. At the start of the second game there was more autograph signing along the runway that leads from the dressing room back to the bench. The game was in progress, but not for anyone near the section.

After the game a crowd formed outside the players' exit. A knot of boys gathered around the ventilator that fed air into the dressing room. Someone had discovered that if you looked through the top of the ventilator you could see a portion of the dressing room inside. "Can you see Mickey Mantle?" one kid yelled. "No," another answered, "but I can see Yogi Berra. And he's naked!" As each Yankee boarded the bus, I interviewed him for "background on the story I was doing." I asked the players if it was like this always, wherever Mantle went. "Sometimes worse," they said.

Cletis Boyer told me he had tried to go deer hunting with Mantle after the last World Series. "It was ridiculous," he said. "Crowds trooping around through the woods after us, asking for autographs. I think even a couple of deer recognized him." I asked Yogi Berra, "Ever go into a restaurant with Mantle?"

"Sure," he said.

"What usually happens?" I asked.

"We eat," Yogi said.

"He means with the people who come over to the table," Phil Rizzuto told him.

"Oh!" said Berra. Then he told me about sitting facing Mantle at a table in Minnesota. A drunk approached Mantle from the rear. "Just as Mickey was cutting into his steak this guy slaps him on the back and says, 'Mickey Mantle!' and the steak slid off the plate right on the floor."

"Did the drunk apologize?" I asked.

"I don't think so," Berra answered. "I just remember he pulled up a chair, sat down and started asking Mickey who was better—himself or Ted Williams."

I asked Ford about the mob pounding on his hotel room door. "Is there a friend of Mickey's brother Frank who tips people off in the other towns too?" I asked him. "No," he said. "Usually somebody just gives a bellboy a buck for the room number."

"Couldn't the two of you get off away from the team hotel and relax somewhere?"

"If there's a night game, sometimes we'll go to a movie in the afternoon. But on summer vacations, school kids see him coming in, and then they all sit behind him and ask questions. The first 10 minutes of *Dr. No* were great. But then some kid hollered out, 'Hey! Mickey Mantle's sitting in this row right here!' Then a whole bunch started crowding around and making remarks, you know. When we left the theater, this same kid hollered, 'Mickey Mantle's leaving! Big deal!' "

When the bus arrived back at the hotel it pulled up to a side entrance. It was almost 11 p.m. Riding up on the elevator with Mantle, Ford and Houk, I asked Mantle what his plans were for the night.

"I'm going to call my motel in Joplin [a place called Mickey Mantle's Holiday Inn]. My wife said she might come up from Dallas. If she did, I can get there in less than an hour. Otherwise, I'm going to go to bed."

The door opened for the sixth floor. Mantle and I shook hands, and he left. As the elevator door closed I heard a whoop and the now-familiar stampede of feet. "It's Mickey Mantle!" kids shouted. "Hey, Mickey!"

It felt nice to be getting off at Ralph Houk's floor instead. **END**

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BASEBALL**—After talking about it with his wife for the last two or three years STAN MUSIAL, 42, finally decided to retire as an active major-leaguer. When he plays his last regular season game on September 29 against Cincinnati, Musial will close out a remarkable 22-year career with the St. Louis Cardinals. He was the National League's Most Valuable Player three times, won seven batting titles and hit 317 in a record 24 All-Star Games. He also holds 17 major league, 30 National League records.

**BASKETBALL**—JERRY LUCAS, most wanted player in pro ball, finally signed a one-year contract with the Cincinnati Royals, joining another three-time All-America, Oscar Robertson, and enormously increasing the value of the Cincinnati franchise.

**BOATING**—When the 605-mile FASTNET race, last in a four-race series for the Admiral's Cup, finally ended after nearly a week of hazardous coastal sailing from Cowes, England to Ireland's Fastnet Rock and back, two British boats finished well up in the six-team international competition to give Britain 250 points and the cup. The U.S. team of *Figaro*, *Windrose* and *Dyna* came in second.

SOVEREIGN, Britain's new 12-meter and potential challenger for the America's Cup, sailed into bad weather and bad luck at the Cowes Regatta, snapping her spinnaker guy in one race, blowing out two jibs in another and being *becalmed* in a third. Misfortunes aside, the New York Yacht Club considered *Sovereign* enough of a cup threat to organize a syndicate to build a new 12-meter.

**BOXING**—Cuban-born LUIS RODRIGUEZ, who lost his welterweight title to Emile Griffith two months ago, knocked out Denny Moyer of Portland in the ninth round of a one-sided fight in Miami Beach.

FLOYD PATTERSON, down but not out, cabled Ingemar Johansson's ex-adviser, Eddie Ahlquist, requesting a comeback bout against an as yet to be announced heavyweight in Europe at year's end.

**FISHING**—Following his own advice to "go all out all the time," JON TARANTINO (SI, July 8) won both the national casting and skish (skill in fishing) all-round titles at Nashville.

**FOOTBALL**—Ignoring baseball for the moment, nearly a quarter million fans turned out to watch seven NFL exhibition games. Cleveland's Municipal Stadium drew 83,218 to a doubleheader as NEW YORK defeated Detroit 24–21 and Johnny Unitas completed 14 of 19 passes for 225 yards and two touchdowns to lead BALTIMORE to a 21–7 win over Cleveland. GREEN BAY came from behind to down Dallas 31–10 before 53,121 in the Cotton Bowl, MINNESOTA easily beat Los Angeles 27–3 before 42,966 in the Coliseum and CHICAGO squeezed by Washington, 28–26 before 35,420 in District of Columbia Stadium. Before smaller crowds, Philadelphia lost to PITTSBURGH 24–13, and ST. LOUIS edged San Francisco 24–22 on a last-minute touchdown by Prentice Gault.

In AFL games, KANSAS CITY Reserve Quarterback Eddie Wilson threw three touchdown passes and ran for another score as the Chiefs beat Oakland 35–21. Frank Tripucka passed 75 and 60 yards for touchdowns to lead DENVER to a 31–25 victory over San Diego and BUFFALO defeated ill-starred New York 23–8. George Blanda, seemingly ageless, completed 11 of 12 passes for three touchdowns in the second half and kicked all three extra points as HOUSTON downed Boston 21–20.

**GOLF**—Out of action for three months with a hand injury, BILLY CASPER made a successful comeback by winning the $40,000 Insurance City Open in Hartford, Conn. with a 13-under-par 271. He sank a six-foot putt for a birdie on the 17th hole to break a tie with George Bayer, who finished one stroke back.

BILLY JOE PATTON was named playing captain of the U.S. amateur golf team that will meet Mexico and Canada in the Americas Cup Matches at Des Moines in September.

**HARNESS RACING**—SPEEDY SCOT ($2.70) the odds-on favorite for The Hambletonian (*see page 28*), won the $135,127 Yonkers Futurity, first of trotting's Triple Crown races. He broke stride at the start, but Driver Ralph Baldwin brought him back for a 2:03 3/5 clocking in the mile race.

Two other Hambletonian contenders met in the $24,125 Review Futurity with GLIDDEN HANOVER the upset winner over Cheer Honey. The second-mile-heat time of 1:59 4/5 by Glidden Hanover was only 2/5 of a second off Speedy Scot's best of the season.

**HORSE RACING**—CARRY BACK, out of retirement, finished second by five lengths to Gushing Wind ($19) in the $33,950 Buckeye Handicap.

George D. Widener's CREWMAN ($41.90), with Eric Guerin aboard, surprised nearly everyone and *ran off* with the $81,400 Travers Stakes (*see page 16*). Chateaugay was third, Candy Spots fourth and Never Bend last.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—The LOTUS-FORDS of Jim Clark and Dan Gurney won the front line at the Milwaukee 200-mile race (*see page 18*). Clark finished a full half minute ahead of A. J. Foyt, driving an Offenhauser. Gurney placed third.

**ROWING**—The powerful German eight-man crew outstroked a Russian shell by a length to lead GERMANY to a decisive (*four of seven titles*) victory in the European Rowing Championships. The only Americans entered, Seymour Cromwell and Don Spero, finished second in the double sculls. In the biggest upset of the meet, VACLAV KOZAK of Czechoslovakia defeated Vyacheslav Ivanov, the Russian world champion single sculler.

**SHOOTING**—WESLEY WELDEN, 17, topped 700 military and civilian marksmen and tied a national match record at the National Rifle and Pistol Championships in Camp Perry, Ohio. Welden won the 50-yard smallbore prone metallic-sight rifle event with a perfect 400 with 38 in the X ring. Air Force Reserve Major Arthur Cook, national prone champion as a teenager and an Olympic and Pan American gold medal winner, set a new national match record of 1,600-124x to win the prone metallic-sight smallbore rifle title. Army Reserve First Lieut. Lones Wigger was the first man in the history of the national matches to win both the smallbore rifle prone and position championships.

**SWIMMING**—DONNA DE VARONA earned the high-point trophy at the National AAU senior women's outdoor championship by winning the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys, both in American and meet record time, and placing second in the 100-meter backstroke and the 100-meter butterfly. ROBYN JOHNSON, the lone triple champion, won every event she entered—the 100-, 200- and 400-meter freestyle. The only world mark was set by 16-year-old KATHY ELLIS, who swam the 100-meter butterfly in 1:06.5.

The UNITED STATES splashed water on Japan's 1964 Olympic hopes by crushing a strong Japanese team 63–22 in a dual meet in Tokyo. The U.S. men's team lost only three of 17 events, two in dead heats, and set five world records. Outstanding among them were Don Schollander's 1:58.5 in the 200-meter freestyle and Roy Saari's 17:05.5 in the 1,500-meter freestyle.

**TENNIS**—DENNIS RALSTON (*see page 8*) dominated the American Zone Davis Cup semifinal in Los Angeles. He won his singles match with Antonio Palafox 6–1, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3, teamed with Chuck McKinley to take the doubles and overpowered Rafael Osuna 6–1, 6–3, 7–5 in the deciding match to give the U.S. an upset victory over Mexico.

Australia's powerful Wimbledon winner MARGARET SMITH downed Maria Bueno of Brazil 6–4, 11–9 in the finals of the Essex women's invitational. Miss Bueno tenaciously fought off four match points to come within two points of taking the second set before losing. After 20 consecutive doubles victories, Miss Bueno and Darlene Hard lost to the Australian team of Miss Smith and Robyn Ebbern, 7–5, 6–4.

MRS. HAZEL HOTCHKISS WIGHTMAN, 76, the Wightman Cup donor and winner of 48 national titles, will receive the Tennis Immortal Award, given by the Lawn Tennis Writers' Association for making a lasting impact on the game.

In an all-foreign, all-left-hander final, IAN CROOKENDEN of New Zealand defeated Roger Taylor of England in the finals of Newport's Hall of Fame Invitation Championship. Crookenden dropped the first two sets 4–6, 9–11 but came back strongly to win 6–2, 6–3, 6–0.

**MILEPOSTS**—DIED: Beatrix Hoyt, 82, of heart failure at her home in Thomasville, Ga. Three times the National Women's Amateur golf champion, she was the youngest person ever to hold that title, winning at 16 in 1896. She successfully defended the title the following two years and retired from tournament play in 1900.


**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

16—Herb Scharfman. 18, 19—Lee Balterman. 20-25—Felipe Chano Pix. 34, 35—Tracy B. Perry III, Austin Hoyt. 36—map by Matt Greene. 42—Richard Meek. 46—Herb Scharfman. 51-54—Ed Graham. 56—Winchester Evening Star, Mary C. Swaine, Fred Straub, Cincinnati Enquirer, Pictorial Parade. 57—Herb Scharfman.


# FACES IN THE CROWD

**BOBBY ORNDORFF,** 17, of Winchester, Va. pitched a 10-0 no-hitter for the Cards in a *Babe* Ruth League (seven innings) game over the Senators, kept his team idle as he fanned 20, fielded the only ball hit for an out at first. He also banged out a triple and two home runs.

**VICKIE CHAPELLE WINSTON** of La Monte, Mo., daughter of a former president of the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association and wife of a top pitcher, won her first national women's championship at 17 in 1956. This year took her fifth title at an aging 24.

**GEORGE WILSON,** 68, first in the inaugural *Maryland* Governor's Cup race of 1927, won again for the ninth time with *Magic*, now 69. One of the few remaining Chesapeake Bay log canoes, *Magic* crams 1,000 square feet of sail on a 34-foot hull hewn from virgin pine logs.

**GAIL LIBERTY,** 25, of Auburn, Me., joined the Air Force and bought a pistol for protection, then decided to learn how to use it. She won the U.S. women's pistol title in 1962, took a second and fourth at the world championships and this year won her second national title.

**CLAY GAOOIE,** 53, golf pro for 20 years at Maketewah Country Club in Cincinnati, shot a 29-32-61 with 11 birdies, seven pars and only 21 putts. Explained Gaddie, who had set the previous record of 63 in 1946, "I just knocked in a whole bunch of 12-footers."

**MICHEL DARBELLAY,** 29, a Swiss guide, conquered one of the last mountaineering challenges in the Alps, making the first solo climb of the north wall of the Eiger. Hampered by torrents of water from the snowfields, he scaled the 6,000-foot rock wall in 19 hours.

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

**THE PLAYER** Outfielder Frank Howard of the Los Angeles Dodgers was talking about his team's chances of holding onto the National League lead. "All we need is a few hot bats; most of ours have been pretty cold lately. At least, I know mine's been cold all year." If cold bats—particularly Howard's—have been the Dodgers' problem during their recent slide, there were signs last week that the big freeze was over. Howard, who seldom played except when the Dodgers faced left-handers, was put into the lineup on a full-time basis by Manager Walter Alston to try and get some power into the sagging attack. The biggest Dodger (6 feet 7, 255 pounds) responded. He hit often (.500 BA for the week) and hard (4 HRs, 7 RBIs), raising his average 16 points to .262. One homer was a frightening blow that went over the roof of the Polo Grounds. As the ball sailed out of sight, there was reason to believe that Howard and the Dodgers have become too hot for the rest of the league to handle.

FRANK HOWARD

**THE PLAYER** At the beginning of the season the Chicago White Sox had enough pitchers to sate the appetite of even the greediest of managers. Thus, when the Sox scouts were combing the minors for big-league material last winter, they hardly gave a second thought to Gary Peters. Peters had spent seven undistinguished years at places like Dubuque and Davenport as a first baseman and a pitcher. At the latter position, he gained a reputation as a left-hander with but one pitch, an uncontrolled fast ball. Last winter Peters worked on his control in the Puerto Rican League. By spring training he had improved enough to pitch his way onto the Sox roster. But by July 4 his record was a mediocre 5–5. Since then he has been unbeatable, and last week ran his record to 13–5 with an 11-inning win over Detroit and a four-hit shutout over the Yankees. In the process, Peters lowered his ERA to 1.88, best of any starter in the majors. And for an encore, he hit .667, including a home run and a double.

GARY PETERS

**THE TEAM** During July, the Phillies were one of the best clubs in baseball, winning 21 of 31 games and climbing from eighth place to a tie for fifth. Then, in the first 11 days of August, the pitching sagged and the batting slumped, and the Phillies slid back to seventh. Last week, however, they were once again the Phillies of July. After dropping one game, Manager Gene Mauch's team reeled off six straight victories and bounded back to fourth. Leading the resurgence was Tony Gonzalez, a fine outfielder whose inability to hit home runs has kept him from national recognition, but not from being third in the batting race with a .327 average. During the week, Gonzalez whacked even more than his usual quota of line drives as he batted .440. Right next to him were Tony Taylor (.400 BA for week) and slugging Johnny Callison (.375 and 2 HRs). The pitchers were no less effective, particularly Chris Short, who won two games as he allowed only one run in 18 innings. The whole team played so well that a thoroughly dazzled opponent, Roberto Clemente of Pittsburgh, went out on what may well have been the season's longest limb. "These guys," said Clemente, "have a real chance to win the pennant."

**THE TEAM** The Boston Red Sox play their home games at Fenway Park, a stadium well loved by right-handed home run hitters for its close-in left-field wall. But even the Red Sox have failed on most occasions in the past to appreciate Fenway's friendly wall the way they did last week. After splitting the final two games of a long and dreary road trip, the Sox came home and opened up on the opposing pitchers. While winning four and losing one at home, Boston hit nine home runs. The sweetest victories came in the sweep of a doubleheader from the Yankees. In the two games, the Red Sox scored 19 runs on 27 hits. The wins were particularly satisfying to First Baseman Dick Stuart, who has been aching to get at the Yanks ever since their manager, Ralph Houk, left him off the All-Star team. Stuart, who leads the league in homers with 30 and RBIs with 87, hit two home runs against the Yankees and collected eight hits and seven runs batted in. Busily pursuing the other third of the triple crown, Carl Yastrzemski batted .407 for the week and raised his league-leading BA to .336. Swept up in the heroics, Lou Clinton, a .231 hitter with no hopes for any crowns, chipped in with four homers and 11 teammates batted in.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

| THE WEEK | W | L | TOP BATTER | | RUNS | OPP. RUNS | ERA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| PHILADELPHIA | 6 | 1 | Gonzalez | .440 | 32 | 17 | 2.14 |
| MILWAUKEE | 5 | 1 | Oliver | .450 | 30 | 17 | 2.67 |
| ST. LOUIS | 4 | 2 | Boyer | .360 | 31 | 24 | 3.17 |
| CINCINNATI | 4 | 3 | Pinson | .452 | 33 | 30 | 4.22 |
| LOS ANGELES | 3 | 3 | Howard | .500 | 26 | 32 | 4.59 |
| PITTSBURGH | 3 | 3 | Mazeroski | .360 | 16 | 17 | 2.21 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | 3 | 4 | Mays | .346 | 26 | 36 | 5.06 |
| NEW YORK | 2 | 4 | Hunt | .360 | 27 | 34 | 5.17 |
| CHICAGO | 2 | 6 | Broch | .440 | 33 | 43 | 3.62 |
| HOUSTON | 1 | 6 | Spangler | .333 | 14 | 22 | 3.10 |

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | W | L | TOP BATTER | | RUNS | OPP. RUNS | ERA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BOSTON | 5 | 2 | Yastrzemski | .407 | 45 | 37 | 4.65 |
| BALTIMORE | 4 | 2 | Brandt | .375 | 26 | 22 | 2.73 |
| DETROIT | 4 | 3 | Bruton | .455 | 36 | 22 | 2.32 |
| MINNESOTA | 4 | 3 | Hall | .376 | 32 | 32 | 3.63 |
| LOS ANGELES | 3 | 3 | Moran | .429 | 24 | 26 | 3.76 |
| NEW YORK | 3 | 3 | Lopez | .316 | 31 | 29 | 4.67 |
| CHICAGO | 3 | 3 | Ward | .306 | 12 | 14 | 2.02 |
| WASHINGTON | 2 | 4 | Retzer | .353 | 25 | 23 | 3.66 |
| CLEVELAND | 2 | 3 | Oavalillo | .426 | 10 | 21 | 3.46 |
| KANSAS CITY | 1 | 5 | Cimoli | .250 | 12 | 30 | 4.25 |

| THE SEASON* | SB | | CG | | ERA | | SB | | CG | | ERA | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOS ANGELES | Wills | 26 | Koufax | 16 | Koufax | 2.06 | NEW YORK | Richardson | 6 | Terry | 14 | Bouton | 2.53 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | Pagan | 6 | Marichal | 12 | Marichal | 2.23 | CHICAGO | McCrew | 12 | Herbert | 10 | Peters | 1.66 |
| ST. LOUIS | Flood | 14 | Two tied with | 9 | Simmons | 2.63 | MINNESOTA | Green | 11 | Stigman | 13 | Pascual | 2.90 |
| PHILADELPHIA | Taylor | 15 | McLish | 9 | Culp | 2.56 | BALTIMORE | Aparicio | 30 | Barber | 11 | Barber | 2.46 |
| CINCINNATI | Two tied with | 25 | Two tied with | 11 | Maloney | 2.56 | BOSTON | Yastrzemski | 5 | Monbouquette | 10 | Wilson | 3.66 |
| CHICAGO | Brock | 16 | Ellsworth | 13 | Ellsworth | 1.63 | CLEVELAND | Two tied with | 6 | Krelick | 7 | Kralick | 3.26 |
| MILWAUKEE | Aaron | 19 | Spahn | 13 | Spahn | 2.64 | LOS ANGELES | Pearson | 10 | McBride | 10 | McBride | 2.76 |
| PITTSBURGH | Clendenon | 16 | Friend | 11 | Friend | 2.06 | DETROIT | Two tied with | 9 | Aguirre | 10 | Lolich | 3.63 |
| HOUSTON | Temple | 7 | Farrell | 6 | Ferrell | 2.74 | KANSAS CITY | Charles | 11 | Pena | 7 | Drebowsky | 3.00 |
| NEW YORK | Kenehl | 5 | Craig | 12 | Willey | 3.02 | WASHINGTON | Hinton | 21 | Cheney | 7 | Cheney | 2.73 |

*through Saturday, August 17

Alan Paine

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# 19TH HOLE
# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### VIVA VANDERBILT

Sirs:

Congratulations to Alfred Wright for his splendid article on Alfred Vanderbilt (*Vanderbilt vs. Racing's Establishment*, Aug. 12). The prominence you have given Mr. Vanderbilt for his ability to take a stand against harmful trends in racing today and "the stifling atmosphere of all officialdom" is truly refreshing. It is too bad that, after he came back from active service in World War II, his old job at Belmont was not returned. It surely would have been better for all of us who have enjoyed good racing before and hope to again.

MARGARET V. PERIN

Baltimore

Sirs:

Three cheers for Alfred Vanderbilt. Please prevail upon Mr. Vanderbilt to keep up the good work until steps *are* taken to give the public a racing program with some variety in it.

EVAN L. ELLIS

Sarasota, Fla.

Sirs:

In the story devoted to my views on Thoroughbred racing, the figure of 35% purse distribution for Aqueduct, while correct, gives an unfair picture. Overall, the New York Racing Association distributed 41.19% of its share of the handle in purses at Aqueduct, Saratoga and Belmont. I would like to repeat that I feel it is necessary for the New York tracks to get the additional 1% we seek if we are to rebuild Belmont and maintain even the present purse distribution. The 5% allowed NYRA, now the lowest in the country, is threatened with being further reduced to 4% next year. No track can operate on that small percentage.

Furthermore, my suggestion for holding stakes values down to $50,000 was made in 1938. I think $100,000 added would bring that figure up to date now.

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

### APPLES AND ORANGES

Sirs:

I see that tempers have again become ruffled on the subject of fishing schooners vs. racing yachts (SCORECARD, Aug. 5 and 19TH HOLE, Aug. 19), and I think that the reason that this comparison frequently stirs up somewhat excited comment is that the boats themselves are so different that a true comparison really cannot be made. It is the old problem of apples and oranges.

It would be more constructive and realistic to consider the fact that each type has been developed for a specific reason and that in all sporting competition the best contests take place when the contestants meet certain established restrictions and, preferably, are rather evenly matched.

The J boats and the 12-meters are built according to certain class rules, which makes for good sport when they race in their own classes. The schooners *Bluenose* and *Gertrude L. Thebaud* were built to entirely different restrictions that provide for substantially greater dimensions, making for speed. Also, they meet certain commercial fishing requirements.

As one would expect from radically different boats, the best performance of each type is under its own conditions. The big fishing schooner probably could attain the highest maximum speed, especially when reaching, but I think there is no doubt that the J boats were a lot faster to windward and that normally a J boat would give a fishing schooner a bad beating around a triangular course.

The much smaller 12-meter, which, of course, could not stay with a J boat, except under light and fluky conditions, probably still would give the fishing schooner a good race around a course, including a reasonable proportion of windward work, but could not be expected to stay with the schooner on a reach in a strong breeze.

Ease of handling is still a matter of opinion, but of course both the racing types, the 12s and J boats, are arranged so that the sails can be very quickly handled. However, it takes a skillful crew to get the most out of them. I should think that the 12, being the smallest boat, would be the "easiest" to handle, while the fishing schooner would take the largest crew.

On the other hand, the fishing schooner, being built for offshore work, would be the safest to handle under strenuous conditions.

As a matter of opinion, I cannot help suggesting that any serious interest in the J boats or fishing schooners is primarily historical, in that we have newer and better boats which neither of the previous correspondents have mentioned. These are the typical ocean racers of today. I believe that the best of these can be kept going in weather in which even the fishing crew would not be very happy, and that the all-round speed and ability to perform is very close to that of the out-and-out racing type. In other words, today's ocean racers have combined the virtues of both the older types.

OLIN J. STEPHENS II

New York City

### CUTTING COSTS

Sirs:

My Volkswagen cost $1,595 and weighs 1,631 pounds. That's not $1.02 a pound as the advertisement claims (*The Beetle Does Float*, Aug. 19). It's 97¢. Who goofed?

JOHN GOODRICH

New York City

● VW's arithmetic was bad. Copywriters (a "creative group without a computer") at the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency divided cost into poundage instead of the other way around.—ED.

### CALL OF THE WILD

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell's article, *High Road to a Wild Paradise* (Aug. 5), left me a little homesick. I am a lieutenant in the U.S. Coast Guard now stationed in Texas, and after a few months here I long for the mountains and trees of the Northwest. Your article brought back fond memories.

While at home I had several opportunities to hike over parts of the Pacific Crest Trail, although not as often as I would have liked. The experience of seeing the areas to which the trail provides access and the enjoyment of time spent in the wilderness should be shared by many more people.

I am concerned about the condition of the trail and the relatively small interest being taken in it. Your article described some of the organization that originally went into creating the trail. Apparently there is very little effort being put into it now; or, if there is, it is not adequate, in my opinion. I feel that if more individuals would take an interest, many improvements could be made that would attract more travelers.

I hope to return to the West Coast before too long and, perhaps, I can do my part to make the Pacific Crest Trail more enjoyable for all of us.

HERBERT D. MCQUARRIE

Brownsville, Texas

### BIRDIES, PARS AND BOGEYS

Sirs:

For years, golf handicaps have been based upon medal scores. Almost without exception, however, handicap tournaments at a country club are match play, and many—if not the majority—of these tournaments are four-ball or team match play. Certainly, the usual Nassau agreed upon in a foursome is match play or four-ball match play.

In team match play, the number of pars is usually much more important than the medal score. For example, a player who has nine pars and nine double-bogeys presumably will make a far greater contribution to his team than a player who has 18 bogeys.

The rules of golf have decided variations for medal play, match play and team match play. Wouldn't it make sense to devise for

*continued*




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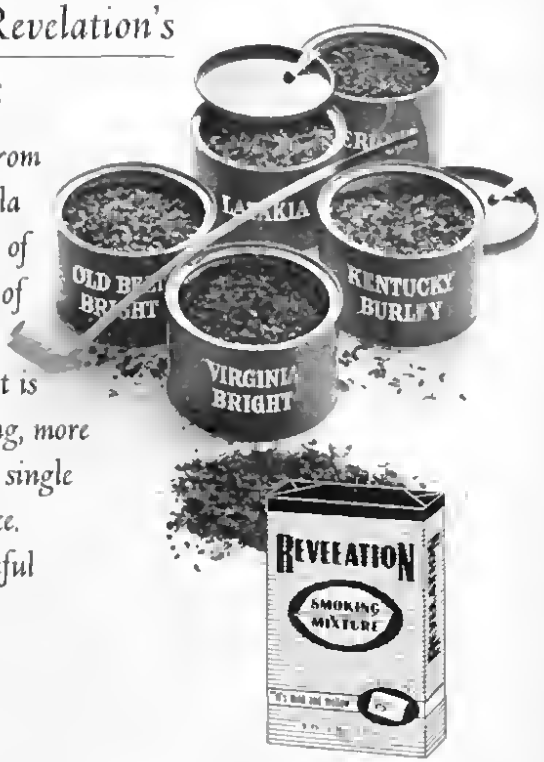


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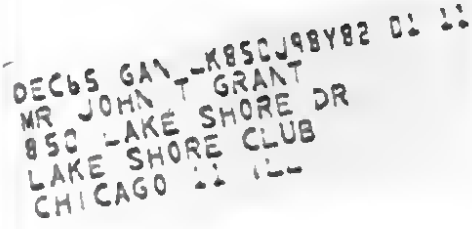

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**Sports Illustrated** 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611

# Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

**RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTIONS**

# with NP-27®

Doctors in two leading clinics proved NP-27 clears up athlete's foot, ringworm and other fungus infections, often in as little as 7 days!

NP-27 Liquid and NP-27 Cream contain Tergitol Penetrant, the penetrating ingredient . . . to penetrate deep, under skin surface, and root out fungus—the *cause* of athlete's foot. NP-27 works where many remedies cannot reach. Stops itch fast, relieves pain, promotes healthy tissue. New NP-27 Cream helps heal and soften dried, peeling skin, helps stop athlete's foot from spreading. NP-27 Medicated Powder soothes chafing soreness, guards against new infections, helps *keep* feet healthy!

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Villager Pouf

VILLAGER® believes that clothing should delight, primarily, the wearer. For example, the pouf dress. Yoked around the top, it falls in gentle flowing lines from there to the hem. Pure pleasure to wear. Quite incidentally, its Athenian simplicity pleases the beholder too. Uncomplicated Fortrel® polyester and rayon. Red, Teal, Brown. Sizes 6 to 16.

*About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops*

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

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the weekend golfers a match-play handicap based on a player's average number of 1) birdies, 2) pars, 3) bogeys and 4) all other scores for the rounds on which the handicap is computed? It seems to me that such a weighting system could be devised that would be more equitable and appropriate for the weekend golfers for whom the concept of handicapping was devised. After all, medal tournaments are largely confined to the pros, and they play from scratch!

HAROLD A. SEGALL

Harrison, N.Y.

**INSIDE STORY**

Sirs:

Your Palmer series (*My Game and Yours*, July 15 *et seq.*) is great, I guess, but I am getting tired of having my golfing friends tell me how many strokes it has taken off their handicaps. I "reached within myself" for 18 holes, and all it got me was 106 instead of my usual 108. One of our club members hit a shot into the woods, "played it bold," and hasn't been seen for three days. I suppose, though, that Arnie is getting buried in mail from braggarts claiming their golf is now sensational. Just out of curiosity, what is the biggest claim of improvement he has received? Also, I always wondered what his handicap was when he was an amateur.

JONATHAN STREET

Chappaqua, N.Y.

● Golf teacher Palmer reports: "I have a letter from a man in Texas who claims he has improved 20 strokes after reading the first three parts of the series. Of course, he hadn't read the 'Be Bold' section yet. The year I played in amateur tournaments in Cleveland I gave scratch golfers four strokes."—ED.

Sirs:

My prior score—115; read lesson I—104; studied lessons II and III—97; memorized lessons IV and V—86. *Merci*, Arnold Palmer!

JOHN B. THUNE

Oakland, Calif.

**TAYLOR-MADE**

Sirs:

Re *Fun On the Links* (19TH HOLE, July 22, Aug. 5), I agree that Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cass and Mr. and Mrs. Al Hauptman have accomplished noteworthy hole-in-one feats. If I did not live in Olympia, Wash., I would probably consider that they had indeed set the records. However, the Olympia Country & Golf Club counts among its members a couple by the name of Taylor (Bill and Elsie). Bill has made four holes in one and Elsie has chalked up three. We in Olympia feel this is not only noteworthy, it is almost unbelievable.

MRS. IRVING M. PETERSON

Olympia, Wash.

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